



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

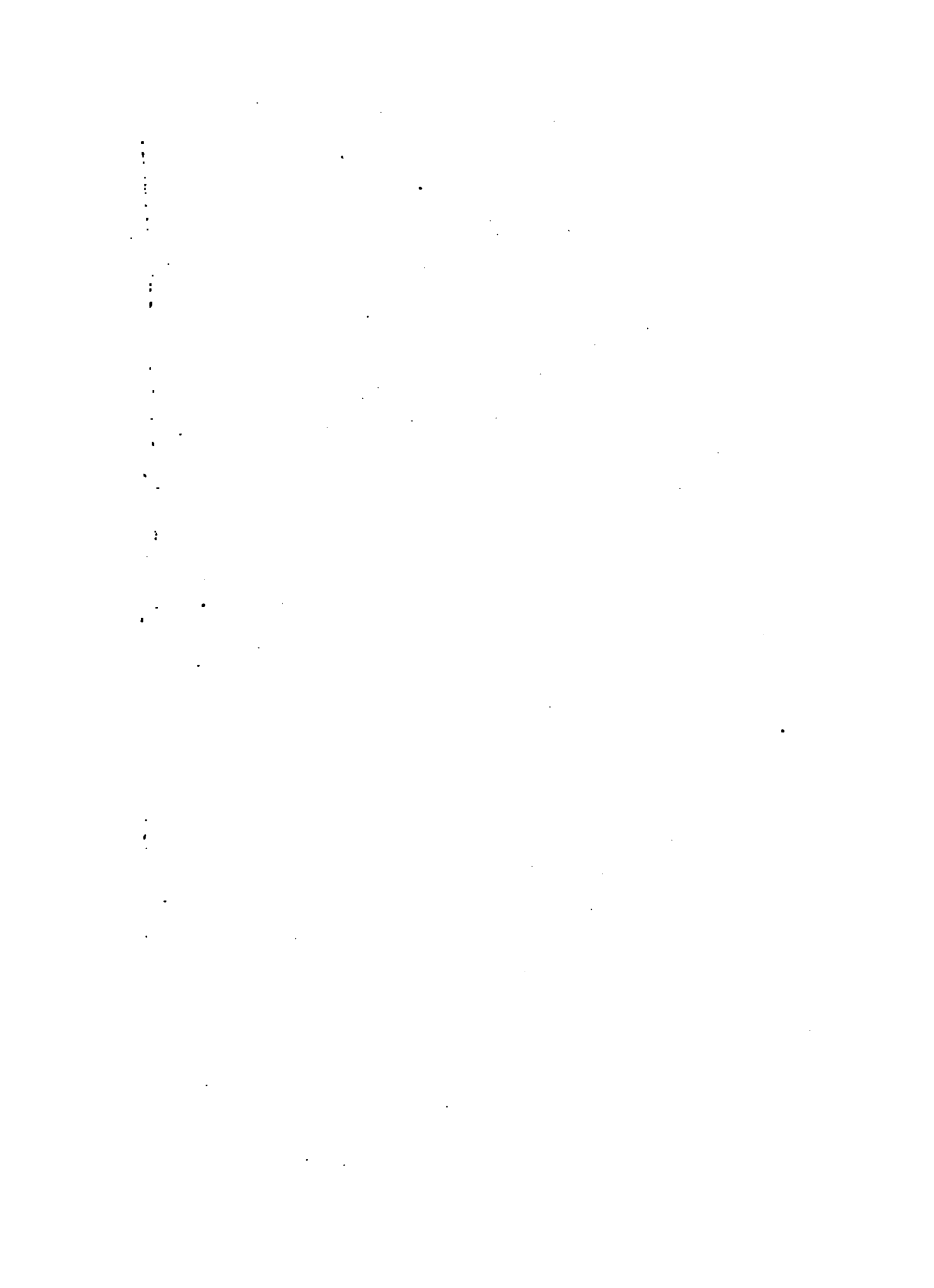
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



48.770.



4

5

6

7

8

9

# SONGS AND POEMS.



# SONGS AND POEMS.

BY

MICHAEL CONSTABLE,

PRIVATE 40TH REGT.

AUTHOR OF "NATIONAL LYRICS FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY."

---

Go forth, my Book, which has been the solace long  
Of him, who loves the pure gushing tide of song :  
For many an hour of mine thou hast beguiled  
In this "dark vale of tears," this desert wild ;  
Then go—I cast thee forth—perchance thy lays  
May win the world's approving smile of praise.

---

DUBLIN

JAMES M<sup>c</sup>GLASHAN, 21 D'OLIER-STREET.

WM. S. ORR & CO. 147 STRAND, LONDON.

FRASER AND CO. EDINBURGH.

1848.



Dublin : Printed by EDWARD BULL, 6, Bachelor's-walk.

TO  
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

**The Queen,**

THIS VOLUME IS,  
BY HER MAJESTY'S KIND PERMISSION, INSCRIBED,  
WITH  
THE PROFOUNDDEST VENERATION,  
AND WITH FEELINGS OF  
THE MOST DEVOTED ATTACHMENT AND GRATITUDE,  
BY  
HER MAJESTY'S MOST DUTIFUL, FAITHFUL,  
AND LOYAL SUBJECT,  
  
THE AUTHOR.




## TO THE QUEEN.

---

MADAM,

Your Majesty having been most graciously pleased to permit the humble author of these poems to dedicate them to his Sovereign, he begs, in placing them before your Majesty, to tender his gratitude for the honour which your Majesty has so kindly condescended to confer upon him—a distinction, which would animate, with feelings of joy and pride, the bosom of any author, but, more especially, that of one whose fortune it is to serve under the standard of his Queen and country. Encouraged by this act of your Majesty's kind condescension, as also by the patronage of your illustrious Consort, on the present as on a



recent occasion, he humbly approaches your Majesty with an assurance of the loyalty and devotedness of your army, in which he has the honor to serve in the capacity of a private soldier.

If, among the following pieces, any should be found which, on perusal, may afford your Majesty a moment of pleasure, the production of this work will then have been the happiest event which has occurred during the chequered life of its author.

That your Majesty may live long and reign happily in the hearts of your loyal and affectionate people, cheered on from day to day, from pleasure to pleasure, by the joyous smiles of your beloved Consort and endearing family ; and, when it shall please the "King of kings" to call thee and them away from the sublunary happiness which he hopes that you and they enjoy, that your and their footsteps may be directed to a palace not made with hands, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest ;" and that there a crown may await your Majesty, the jewels of which are not of the earth, earthy, but *true*

brilliant, set in the redeeming love of a kind Saviour, who died for us, that our sins might be forgiven, is the heartfelt prayer of your Majesty's most dutiful, most humble, and most devoted servant,

THE AUTHOR.

---




## P R E F A C E.

---

BURNS, in his preface to the first edition of his poems, has said:—"The following trifles are not the production of the poet who, with all the advantage of learned art, and perhaps amid the elegancies of upper life, looks down for a rural theme with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil." The author of this volume would repeat the sentiments of that distinguished writer, whose name exists as an ornament to its country, and, as it echoes from the wild hills of Scotland to the fair and fertile valleys of dear "Old England," "inspires with hope the humble and self-educated bard, and bids him tune his artless lyre to amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigue of a laborious life; to transcribe

the feelings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears in his own breast to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind—these are his motives for courting the muses, and in this he finds poetry to be its own reward.”

That the profession of arms and the occupation of the minstrel may not be thought incompatible—that “the lyre and the sword” may be entwined with boughs of myrtle formed like the wreath of Harmodius—and that the song of the bard may exult over the clarion, drowning the battle’s din, and awaken household feelings, tender love, and communion of thought between man and man, he sincerely trusts; for moving, as a British soldier does, among rural scenery, amidst the green hills and fragrant valleys of his native land, where “the merry lark, soaring to heaven’s gate,” warbles above his head, whilst the ruddy rustic is following his plough, or is engaged with the “nut-brown maid” in some of the many invigorating and healthful occupations of English rural life, he



finds a key to unlock his heart, and yield him poetic inspiration ; for, in the language of one of the Dutch poets—

“ The mighty sea,  
On which the muse put forth her timid sail,  
Still widens—still invites—for poetry  
Is one embracing bond of sympathy,  
Which, when the tempest and the tide prevails,  
Gives peace and promise of security.

In this sad world, where the eternal jar  
Of passion, interest, discord and debate,  
Questions of policy, faith, and state,  
Tear up the virtues, with the affections war,  
’Tis sweet to mingle thoughts with those afar  
Who are beyond the reach of selfish hate ;  
Who shine and smile, like the fair morning star,  
Above the valley’s mist ;—to consecrate  
At that proud altar-shrine, that towers sublime  
Midst all the storms and all the wrecks of time.  
Whose holy flame burns on, and, as it burns,  
All that is base to light and beauty turns,  
Our words and wills ;—for man should be man’s friend,  
Love the pervading law, and bliss the end.”

What the German soldier-poet, Körner, was to *his* comrades—the bard, who inspired them to deeds of glory, animating *their* hearts, with *his* votive

lyre, to noble and heroic actions—would be the author of these pieces, which have endeared him to solitude, and opened fountains of bliss which have sprung up in the wide, wild desert of human existence, creating for him a happy, fertile, and flowery region of song, by the magic wand of poesy.

It is true, that Körner, as a literary soldier, wrote under many advantages: uninterrupted by the noise of a barrack-room, but in the enjoyment of quiet quarters, he could pursue his favourite studies without much molestation. As an officer, he was not exposed to the fatigues and privations undergone by private soldiers; without a knapsack, the march was divested of its severity, and became an *excursion*, which enlarged his poetical ideas, by laying before him scenery wild and beautiful; rivers and mountains, lakes, valleys, and waterfalls, could be enjoyed without the pleasure derived from their contemplation being marred by the heavy burthen which has to be borne by an ordinary soldier on the march:—as an *officer*, when his journey was over for the day, he could, in

most cases, retire to a billet, where he could, without annoyance, sketch occurrences as they arose to his vivid fancy.

As the author of the following pieces has been honored with being mentioned in connection with that nobly-inspired German minstrel-soldier, he has been induced to make the above remarks relative to the position in life of that renowned warrior bard, and not from any vain or illusive supposition that his simple but heartfelt effusions bear the remotest comparison with those of that brave young poet, who died in the morn of his existence in the cause of his country, or, from any wish to detract from their worth, but merely to show that, whilst the enthusiastic Körner, by *his* own merit, and a just appreciation of his abilities, obtained from his loved "Fatherland" a high position in the service, which enabled him to flutter joyously on plumed wings in the clime of martial poesy, that the writer of "Songs and Poems" flaps his laden wing in the same sunny region, and invokes the muses in the humblest walks of *his* profession.

Hope—smiling Hope—however, cheers him on *his* way, and holds the lighted lamp before him, which invites him to cultivate an art which he believes might prove useful in animating the hearts of British, as it has done those of German soldiers.

Concerning the duties of song, or of its influence, he has but few observations to make ; the subject has been so often discussed, that it were superfluous on his part to do so. It will be sufficient for him to remark, that song has been the means of overthrowing despotism, of arousing the deepest passions, and awakening the tenderest emotions in the human breast ; and, by its powerful aid, of stirring the bosoms of “good men and true” in the cause of national liberty. It has moved alike the heart of prince and peasant ; it has diverted the monarch on the throne, and warmed and amused the happy rustic when following his plough, and during his hours of recreation. The soldier on the march, on the battle-field, in camp, or in barracks—the sailor on shore, between decks, or climbing “the giddy mast,” have often been

cheered by a song whose strains have caused them to forget the toils and perils of their professions, and made the former march with a joyous heart against the enemies of his country, and the latter "sweep through the deep" with a dauntless heart, in the "Wooden Walls" of "merry England."

Whilst Körner's name is dear to every German soldier, as the writer of "My Fatherland," Dibdin is known by our gallant British tars as the author of "Poor Jack;" and Burns has guiled the cottier's leisure moments, with "The Twa Dogs," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," or with the sad but eloquent truth of "Man was made to Mourn;" nor must we forget Erin's much-admired poetical representative, Thomas Moore, and his "Irish Melodies," and beautiful "Lalla Rookh." These bards, and many more, including our own loved Bernard Barton, have swayed the hearts of thousands of their fellow-men, by the mighty influence of song. Who shall say that the minstrel's calling is "*an idle art*," when he recollects that by a song, which told of amber mead quaffed in the

banquet-halls of Thor or of Odin, the arm of the Saxon was nerved against the Briton to fight for conquest? or, again, when he looks back on the field of Hastings, and remembers that by the spell of poesy, which spoke of the immortal deeds of Rollo, the Norman rushed into conflict, regardless of danger, for death or victory?


In the haunts of Beauty and Love, song, too, hath held its sway, and captivated the bosoms of the young, and produced harmony in the breasts of the aged. See that happy group of children dancing over the village green, plucking daisies, primroses, and violets, and wreathing them into garlands for their infant foreheads; and ask that happy urchin, who seems more gay than the rest, why he is singing, and depend on it, he will answer, "Because it is a holiday made for the children of sunshine and song." Then, if song only creates amusement, however short may be its duration, the occupation of the bard is not "*an idle*" one, but an art worthy of the highest encouragement. But in the opinion of the writer of these pages,

song has a nobler and holier purpose than that of *mere* amusement. To make men more thoughtful, and consequently better, should be the aim of every author; and he who does this by producing a moral, religious, and national sentiment, even though it be *only* in a song, is indeed no useless member of society.

For the stoic, who can wander amidst mountains and streams, and view the beauties of the universe, or retread the land of his birth after long absence, without feelings of emotion, these verses have not been composed; but, on the contrary, for him who, when he sees the "cloud-capp'd hills and gorgeous palaces of Nature" spreading their grandeur before his living form, kneels at that shrine where "Nature's worshippers bow the knee in heartfelt gratitude." he has tuned his harp, and sung of his own loved land and in the cause of his profession; for to him, the study of poetry has been a delightful recreation—in prosperity it has guided him along a flowery pathway to the regions of imagination, and in adversity it has been a solac

to his afflictions, by creating for him pictures which, though they might never be realized by human events, have added to his happiness in their fanciful existence. It will not, therefore, be a matter of surprise that he should love to wander amid the scenes of his own creation, and that he derives a pleasure by cultivating (to him) that intellectual garden of Eden which has so materially increased his enjoyments.

From the bustle and noise of the barrack-room, at eve, when his duties have been performed, he has often strayed, leaving his busy comrades to their own occupations, that he might enjoy for a while the happy silence of solitude amidst blue mountains, glad leaping rivulets, and waterfalls sparkling in the sun, and madly dancing from parapet to parapet. Here, secluded from worldly strife, and shut out from all sound save that sent forth by the merry birds warbling their way to heaven, he has loved to commune with Nature in her dishabille, and sometimes, "like Niobe, bathed in tears."



In these days of England's political degeneracy, when her once glorious ancient institutions, which aroused in the hearts of our gallant forefathers feelings of religious pride and *true* conservatism, are mouldering away before the rapid march of the devastator, Democracy, he believes it to be the duty of every loyal subject to use his influence in crushing the hydra, and in the advocacy of principles which have a tendency to awaken martial and patriotic sentiments in the hearts of his fellow-men. He, therefore, in issuing this volume from the press, trusts that whatever pieces may be found in its pages worthy of such a character, may be applied by the reader to this purpose; and if he shall have succeeded in producing a spark wherewith to light the fire of nationality in the bosoms of his comrades, he will derive much gratification in having been the humble instrument in awakening an enthusiastic regard for their fatherland, and for that profession unto which destiny has directed their footsteps.

To the many subscribers who have so kindly

patronized his humble efforts, he offers his sincere and grateful acknowledgments, and wishes them the enjoyment of many years of health, wealth, and happiness, and hopes to meet them again with his harp retuned, its strings reverberating happier minstrelsy; for, to use the language of a renowned poet, who once did honour to the military profession by being a member of it—the late S. T. Coleridge—“Poetry has been to him its own exceeding great reward; it has soothed his afflictions, it has multiplied and refined his enjoyments, it has endeared solitude, and it has given him the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds him.”

---

## SUBSCRIBERS.

---

	Copies
<b>Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Adelaide</b> . . . . .	2
<b>His Royal Highness Prince Albert, K.G., G.C.B.</b> . . . . .	10
<b>His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., G.C.B.,</b> G.C.H. . . . .	2
<b>His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, K.G.</b> . . . . .	1
<b>His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, K.G.</b> . . . . .	1
<b>His Grace the Duke of Rutland, K.G.</b> . . . . .	1
<b>General the Marquis of Anglesey, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.H.</b> . . . .	1
<b>The Right Hon. the Earl of St. Germain</b> . . . . .	2
<b>The Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M.P.</b> . . . . .	1
<b>The Right Hon. Lord Keane</b> . . . . .	2
<b>The Right Hon. Lord Amherst</b> . . . . .	1
<b>The Right Hon. Lord Viscount Morpeth, M.P.</b> . . . . .	1
<b>The Right Hon. Lord Fitzroy Somerset, G.C.B.</b> . . . . .	1
<b>The Right Hon. Lord Viscount Hardinge, G.C.B.</b> . . . . .	1
<b>The Right Hon. Fox Maule, M.P., Sec. at War</b> . . . . .	2
<b>Lieutenant-Gen. Right Hon. Sir Edward Blakeney, K.C.B.,</b> G.C.H. . . . .	1
<b>Lieut.-Gen. Sir Edward Bowater, K.C.H., 49th Regiment</b> . . . .	2
<b>Major-Gen. W. F. P. Napier, C.B.</b> . . . . .	1
<b>Colonel Tynte, M.P.</b> . . . . .	1

	Copies
Hon. James Lindsay, M.P., Lieut.-Colonel Grenadier Guards	1
Captain Fordyce, R.N., M.P.	1
Lieut.-Col. Browne, Unatt., Dublin Castle	2
Lieut.-Col. Adams, C.B., 49th Regiment	2
Captain H. G. Hart, 49th Regiment	1
Captain W. H. C. Baddelley, 49th Regiment	1
Captain Thompson, 49th Regiment	1
Lieutenant Bellairs, 49th Regiment	1
Lieutenant Stopford, 49th Regiment	1
Lieutenant C. J. Powell, 49th Regiment	1
Lieutenant J. H. King, 49th Regiment	1
Ensign W. Maitland, 49th Regiment	1
Ensign Dewar, 49th Regiment	1
H. S. Michell, Paymaster, 49th Regiment	1
William Ivy, Esq., Dep. Purveyor to the Forces, Dublin	1
Wm. Macdonnell, Esq., Army Medical Office, Dublin	1
John Endle, Esq., Adjutant-General's Office, Dublin	1
Rev. P. Wilmot Bryan, Coverdale, near Middleham, Yorkshire	3
J. Brown, Esq.	1
W. Perdu, Esq., Islington Terrace, London	1
Thomas Perdu, Esq. do. do.	1
John Perdu, Esq. do. do.	1
H. W. Perdu, Esq. do. do.	1
G. Lawrence, Esq., London	1
C. Ingram, Esq., London	2
T. Jones, Esq.	1
H. E. Carrington, Esq., Editor <i>West of England Conservative</i> , Devonport	1
Daniel Scott, Esq., M.D., Dublin	1
Mr. Thom, Abbey-street, Dublin	1

## SUBSCRIBERS.

XXV

	Copies.
Miss Dignam, Dublin . . . . .	1
Edward Thompson, Esq., London . . . . .	1
Mr. A. Crenan . . . . .	1
Mr. B. Crenan . . . . .	1
J. Grant, Esq. . . . .	4
Henry Smith, Esq. . . . .	1
Mr. John Toplis, London . . . . .	1
Miss Eliza Cook . . . . .	1
Henry Petworth, Esq. . . . .	3
Charles Dickens, Esq. . . . .	2
H. Booth, Esq., London . . . . .	5
Bernard Barton, Esq. . . . .	1
Miss M. Brown, Highgate . . . . .	1
Miss A. Brown, Highgate . . . . .	1
Mr. William Anderson . . . . .	2
Mr. Charles Irwin . . . . .	1
Miss A. Knowles, Kensington . . . . .	2
Mr. W. Smith, Highgate . . . . .	1
C. Power, Esq., Dublin . . . . .	1

---



## CONTENTS.

---

	Page
Lines, written on the occasion of Her Majesty's visit to the seat of His Grace Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington .	1
The Picture of a good Man . . . . .	3
Love . . . . .	7
Song of the ruin Tower . . . . .	8
The blind Girl to her Mother . . . . .	13
Our own Queen—God bless her . . . . .	16
The Bible . . . . .	18
The Leaf and the Stream . . . . .	19
Sonnet: The Painter . . . . .	22
The dying Student . . . . .	23
Woman's Smile . . . . .	28
The Peasant's Song . . . . .	29
The Royal Compliment . . . . .	30
Nature . . . . .	32
Woman's Eyes . . . . .	33
Despair . . . . .	34
The British Flag . . . . .	35
The Last Day . . . . .	36
Song of a Greek Captive . . . . .	37
The Poet . . . . .	38

	Page
Lines on revisiting the Scenes of my Youth . . . . .	39
Morning . . . . .	42
The Outward Bound . . . . .	43
Sonnet to T. N. Talfourd, Esq., Author of "Ion" . . . . .	44
The Spirit of Rome . . . . .	45
Peace to the Shamrock, Thistle, and Rose . . . . .	46
Death and the Children . . . . .	48
England, Queen of the Sea . . . . .	50
The silent Harp . . . . .	51
Friendship and Love . . . . .	52
Kathleen . . . . .	53
God help the Poor . . . . .	54
The royal Standard . . . . .	61
Lines written beneath Goff's Oak, Cheshunt Common . . . . .	64
Lines on seeing a Portrait of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in the uniform of a Sailor . . . . .	65
Think not that the Heart is always gay . . . . .	67
The Lyre . . . . .	68
Sonnet . . . . .	70
Love not . . . . .	71
Charity . . . . .	72
The Maid of Judah . . . . .	75
Oh! had I never known a Sorrow . . . . .	76
The Union-Jack . . . . .	77
The Heart around which Love has twin'd . . . . .	79
The rival Flowers: the Crocus and the Snowdrop . . . . .	80
Remember me . . . . .	81
The Navy and the Army . . . . .	83
Stanzas to * * * * . . . . .	85
Time . . . . .	88
The Gamester . . . . .	90

# CONTENTS.

xxix

	Page
The British Gun . . . . .	93
Long Life and Health to thee . . . . .	96
A Prayer . . . . .	97
Where are the Bards of old ? . . . . .	98
There is a God . . . . .	100
Pluck not that Flower . . . . .	103
Here's a Health to the Queen . . . . .	104
The Child's Address to its Father . . . . .	106
The three Bards : Southey, Moore, and Wordsworth . . . . .	108
Sonnet : The Hero and his Horse . . . . .	110
Love, Wit, and Beauty . . . . .	112
Lines . . . . .	115
Lines, in answer to a beautiful Poem by Miss Pardoe . . . . .	116
As the Breeze fans our noble Bark . . . . .	118
The Widow . . . . .	119
Dear Woman . . . . .	120
Song to the Deep . . . . .	122
Memory . . . . .	124
Wild Harp of the Mountain . . . . .	125
Smile on . . . . .	126
Greece . . . . .	127
The Drum . . . . .	131
Lines for the Frontispiece of an Album . . . . .	132
Children in the Churchyard . . . . .	133
Night . . . . .	134
The Maid of Richmond Hill . . . . .	135
The English Lady . . . . .	136
The Child, the Telescope, and the Planet . . . . .	137
Our native Song . . . . .	139
Glee . . . . .	140
Our bonnie Bark is homeward bound . . . . .	141

	Page
Stanzas . . . . .	142
Oh ! give me back the bridal Ring . . . . .	143
Like Æolian Music . . . . .	144
Poverty . . . . .	145
The dying Warrior to his Son . . . . .	148
Home . . . . .	149
The Poet's Grave . . . . .	150
Boyhood . . . . .	153
As near the Shore our gallant Bark . . . . .	154
Our native Hills . . . . .	155
I must not love . . . . .	156
Land of Flowers . . . . .	158
Romance . . . . .	159
Lines on seeing the Portrait of a beautiful young Lady . . . . .	160
A Wish . . . . .	161
Lines in answer to " We'll meet in Prayer " . . . . .	162
The Oak . . . . .	164
Infancy . . . . .	166
The Dreams of Joy . . . . .	168
As Ivy clings around the Tower . . . . .	169
Monody on the Death of the late Lady John Russell . . . . .	170
The Soldier's Bride . . . . .	171
Farewell to England . . . . .	173
The Rose and the Tulip . . . . .	176
Hurrah for the Flag of " Old England ! " . . . . .	178
Oh ! let us dream of Heaven . . . . .	180
The Exile . . . . .	181
Retrospection . . . . .	182
Forgive the Tear I shed for thee . . . . .	183
The Diamond-Worker . . . . .	184
The Woodman . . . . .	187

# CONTENTS.

xxx

	Page
How Sweet in after Years to Meet . . . . .	188
Love and Beauty . . . . .	189
Mount Edgecumbe . . . . .	191
Sonnet to Sir Robert Peel . . . . .	192
Wine . . . . .	193
Song . . . . .	194
The Beauty of Children . . . . .	195
Lines written impromptu, on meeting a very young Lady with whom the Author was acquainted when a Child .	197
Time, Death, and the Gravedigger . . . . .	199
The Queen's Birthday . . . . .	201
The English Farmer . . . . .	202
Stanzas . . . . .	208
As gently o'er the moonlit Sea . . . . .	204
A Voice from a dying Christian . . . . .	205
Sonnet on the Death of a young Lady . . . . .	206
My native Land . . . . .	207
Woman . . . . .	208
The Poet's Wish . . . . .	209
The Ocean King . . . . .	210
Old England for ever ! . . . .	211
The Smile of other Days . . . . .	213
The Vanity of human Life . . . . .	214
The Shipwreck . . . . .	215
The Song of Age . . . . .	216
The Sword . . . . .	217
Britannia . . . . .	219
Long Life to Prince Albert, the Friend of the Bard . . .	228
The Land of Liberty . . . . .	229
The Sisters . . . . .	280
Forget me not . . . . .	284

	Page
The last Banquet . . . . .	236
A Soldier's Epitaph . . . . .	240
The Child and the Statesman . . . . .	241
The Emigrant Ship . . . . .	244
Life . . . . .	246
Coronation Ode . . . . .	247
The Atheist . . . . .	248
Hearts of Oak and British Guns . . . . .	249
Long Life to the young Prince of Wales . . . . .	251
Lines to a young Lady, on hearing her sing a very pathetic Song . . . . .	252
Lines to the Memory of Charles Theodore Körner . . . . .	253
The Bayonet . . . . .	257
The Child in Mourning . . . . .	259
An Evening in Autumn . . . . .	261
The dying Soldier to his Boy . . . . .	263
The charm of Life is gone . . . . .	264
I love my native English Home . . . . .	265
Here's a Health to the Brave . . . . .	266
Welcome, Queen of the Highland Home . . . . .	268
Beautiful Visions . . . . .	269
The British Ship . . . . .	271
Lines addressed to the future Tutor of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales . . . . .	272
The young Ensign and his Sister . . . . .	274
Lines addressed to the Princess Royal, upon her Birthday . . . . .	278
Lines composed on Christmas Eve, 1847 . . . . .	281

---

# SONGS AND POEMS.



## LINES,

Written on the occasion of Her Majesty's visit to the seat of His Grace Field  
Marshal the Duke of Wellington, Walmer, Kent, 10th November, 1842.



To welcome thee, their sovereign Queen,  
And hail with loyal greeting,  
A thousand forms assembled stand,  
The faithful subjects of thy land,  
Whose anxious hearts are beating.

The sunburnt time-worn soldier bold,  
Possess'd of warlike brow,  
Whose arm hath raised a sword and shield,  
In victory, on the battle-field,  
With joy beholds thee now.\*

\* Near me stood a sunburnt warrior, who had fought in many  
a battle for his country; when he saw her Majesty pass, he gave  
three loud and hearty cheers.

“The hero of a hundred fights,”  
Immortal Wellington !  
With pleasure sees his country’s Queen  
Smile on the cheering rustic scene,  
And deeds which he has done.

The minstrel brings his wreath to thee,  
Entwined of mental flowers,  
And at thy feet his garland throws—  
Despise not, thou, the modest rose  
From fair Minerva’s bowers—

A mother’s care, a mother’s love,  
Are cast upon thy brow ;  
But smile again,\*—thy fair-hair’d boy,  
And bright-eyed girl, their father’s joy  
And thine, are laughing now.

Then let us hope this day may bring—  
Thy people’s love may raise—  
Sweet peace to all thy days on earth,  
Whilst those to whom thou hast given birth,  
May learn their Maker’s praise.

\* Her Majesty, at this moment, was looking rather pensive, whilst the infant Prince and Princess were smiling from their carriage.

---

THE PICTURE OF A GOOD MAN.

---

He loves his country, aye, and wishes well  
To each woe-worn pilgrim of life's rude dell ;  
Attends his church—before its altar, there  
That good man kneels, and breathes his fervent  
    pray'r ;

Devoutly kneels, and prays to Him, whose hand  
Created all that's wondrous, all that's grand—  
The earth, the air, the sea, the human form,  
The tree, the leaf, the flow'r, and howling storm ;  
Who keeps the wave beneath his lordly will,  
Who guides the stars, and bids the storm be still ;  
Who made the granite rock, the golden mine  
Of rich Peru, and all the gems which shine ;  
Who sits omnipotent on high ; whose throne  
Is heav'n above, whence all the world he rules alone.

He seeks his church—but not as those whom fashion calls,

Each early sabbath morn, within its sacred walls,  
To show themselves, and gaze on all around,  
Whilst the loud organ pours its pealing sound  
Of melody ; when hymns of praise are sung  
By lips devout, and many a fervent tongue.

Oh ! no ; too much of awe he feels, to stare  
Upon the vulgar crowd which mingles there—  
Whose god is mammon, and whom fashion calls,  
Each sabbath morn, within those holy walls.

In early life, with pride, I stood before  
That pious, good man's humble cottage door ;  
The birds were singing on the fragrant breeze,  
Sweet Nature's deep impassioned melodies ;  
The tinted butterfly, by Nature painted fair,  
And gnat, were dancing in that twilight air ;  
The flowers—the waving flowers of smiling spring  
Gave beauty to the earth, with blossoming ;  
And happy, playful children, danced along  
That village green, with light and festive song,  
And little reck'd of care—poor thoughtless things !  
Or thought that father Time, with heavy wings,  
Would shade their brows of radiant infancy,  
And guide them forth to manhood's dreary sea ;  
Whilst there the good man stood, elate with joy,  
Revered, and lov'd by every laughing boy  
And romping girl, who danced the village green,  
Around the fair May-pole, around their queen ;  
Whose tresses, lightly waving on the air,  
Made the sweet rural scene divinely fair—  
Gave a pure charm to that calm evening hour,  
As the tired bee roam'd home, from flow'r to flow'r.  
His day's work done, his fruitful labours o'er,  
Kissing the sweets fair Nature held in store.

Yes, there the good man stood, and there surveyed,  
With pride, each growing boy, and sprightly maid ;  
And as they climbed his knees, he told them how  
His life was spent upon that mountain's brow ;  
How much of good, and of all that is fair,  
Is given to those who ask in daily prayer ;  
Forewarn'd them of evil, and bade them be  
Obedient to their Maker's mild decree.  
That time has passed, but memory's silken wings  
Waft back a train of long-forgotten things :  
The dreams of childhood, ever dear to me,  
The sunny haunts beloved in infancy ;  
The schoolground, where my vagrant childhood play'd,  
The verdant hill, the bright and dewy glade ;  
The murmuring stream, whose cool, refreshing flood  
Wound clear and swiftly through the brier-grown  
wood,  
Where the wild rose grew, and the song-birds trill'd  
The sweetest notes which ever woodland filled ;  
The shady groves where truant boys would stray,  
And cheat the sultry summer hours away ;  
The landscape fair—all, all recur to me,  
Wafted forth by the wings of Memory.

That good man lives—still breathes in Britain's  
isle,  
Warm is his heart, and cheering is his smile ;  
He tills the garden which his God has given  
To him, and plants the seed which springs to heaven ;

Gives nurture to the sapling, bud, and flower,  
And binds the choicest wreaths around his bower,  
Where, at eve, his happy family meet, and  
Gaze on all that is beautiful and grand—  
On all which Nature—fairy Nature—yields,  
Of hills, of valleys, and of verdant fields ;  
Of groves, of flow'rs, of flocks, and waving trees,  
Which brave the storm, and catch the fragrant breeze.  
As o'er their evening meal—their social tea—  
They sit in friendly chat and harmony,  
And hear the music of the birds that sing  
Sweet welcome to the flow'rs of balmy spring.  
No village scandal theirs : the soil their theme,  
The beauties of the garden, and the stream  
Which laves it ; the meek daisy and the rose,  
The crocus, and the hyacinth, which blows  
In native beauty on the verdant sod,  
So truly bless'd and fertilized by God,  
Their simple wants, and how they will adorn  
Their humble cottage, and its daisied lawn ;  
And yonder laughing boy suggests, with pride,  
To her, his blue-eyed sister, by his side,  
That he shall tend the bees, the sheep, the cow,  
And horse, which graze upon that mountain's brow ;  
And she, with patronising air and smile,  
Looks playful through her auburn curls the while,  
Pats his young head, and, with a sister's love,  
Breathes forth for him her prayers to heaven above.

Dear happy scenes, to memory ever dear—  
The calm abode of innocence—still, near  
My aching heart, come dwell, and with thee bring  
The sweet and fresh'ning gales of joyous spring,  
To cheer my way along life's rugged plain,  
Till, in the world to come, we meet again,  
To part no more ;— yes, let me linger still,  
With all I love, beloved, and loving, till  
The hands of death this mortal scene shall close,  
And lay me on the couch of blest repose.

---

### LOVE.

---

Turn to the ruin'd heart, where Love has been,  
And left it perish'd like a wither'd flower,  
Unmourned, unnoticed, in the general scene  
Of strange events, which mock the passing hour,  
And you will see that seared which once was green,  
And bloom'd in native freshness, strength, and  
pow'r.  
Such is the change that Cupid works in each heart  
He deigns to prick with his little poisoned dart.

## SONG OF THE RUIN TOWER.

---

On a stormy night,  
When the pale moonlight  
Shows where the ivy clings,  
There comes unto me,  
From the regal sea,  
The voice of the raging winds ;  
And we converse hold,  
Of the days of old,  
When the forester, free and bold,  
Did his tight bow string,  
And his arrows fling  
At the deer in the grassy wold ;  
And our virgin queen  
Would smile on the scene,  
As she stray'd near the ruin tower,  
When the bright sun  
Had well nigh run  
His race in my mouldering bower.  
Oh, the days of old,  
When glittering gold  
Shone in the peasant's bower—  
When the poor man sung  
In his native tongue,  
In the pride of Saxon power.

The labourer would roam  
To his peaceful home,  
From toil and burning day,  
And find in the dream  
Of the rippling stream,  
Music to cheer on his way.  
Oh! his country then  
Was his own loved glen—  
The forest wild or swampy fen,  
He lov'd them as well  
As the flow'ry dell,  
Fertilized by the hands of men ;  
For his native sod  
Was the soil of God,  
And the song of the birds that sung  
On leaf and spray,  
Through summer's day,  
Echoed where woodland branches hung.  
Oh, the days of old,  
When glittering gold  
Shone in the peasant's bower—  
When the poor man sung  
In his native tongue,  
In the pride of Saxon power.

But the good old days  
When the faggots' blaze  
Crackled to sparkling wine—

When the toast rang round,  
To a merry sound,  
In the festive halls of mine—  
When Rochester sung,  
As the glasses rung  
Gay tunes to his amorous tongue,  
Of conquests he'd made  
In the greenwood shade,  
Where the mistletoe branches hung—  
Of the girlish glee  
Of fair maidens free  
At the flattering tales he told—  
Have passed away,  
And pale decay  
Grasps and fetters the ruin old.

Oh, the days of old  
When glittering gold  
Shone in the peasant's bower—  
When the poor man sung  
In his Saxon tongue,  
In the pride of native power.

Of treachery and blood,  
And of fire and flood,  
I've seen my portion too ;  
But never again  
Shall my time-worn fane  
Such days of tyranny view :

The stake and the blaze  
Of Queen Mary's days,  
Were Cranmer's and Latimer's praise,  
When Gardiner denied,  
In his cruel pride,  
Pious Rogers\* a parting gaze  
At his children and wife,  
Though his hours in life  
Were all numbered, and near their close,  
And day's last ray  
About to play  
O'er graves where these Christians repose.  
But the days of old  
When martyrs bold  
Fell beneath fire and sword,  
Have all passed away  
From liberty's ray,  
Sent forth by Freedom's Lord.

And the snakes now play,  
Midst my pale decay,  
Where the broad old oak springs :  
And they hiss and rave  
O'er some worm-eat grave,  
'Neath its huge and spreading wings ;

\* He had a wife and ten children, whom he tenderly loved, and desired to see ere he died, but Gardiner, adding insult to cruelty, refused to comply with his wish.

And too oft I see,  
'Neath that fatal tree,  
Childhood dance, in its wanton glee  
Unconscious, and take  
In its hands the snake,  
When unthinking, idle, and free ;  
But too soon is found,  
In the piercing sound,  
In the cries of the frantic child,  
That adders cling  
With fatal sting

In the ruin where monarchs smiled.

Oh, the days of old,  
When glittering gold  
Shone in the peasant's bower—  
When the poor man sung  
In his native tongue,  
In the pride of Saxon power.

---

THE BLIND GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

---

“Mother, dear mother, I hear thee say,  
    This world is light and fair,  
That happy children dance and play  
    Midst scenery rich and rare—

“That the golden sun shines forth by day  
    In all his splendour bright—  
That the pure pale moon, her ray  
    Of silver sheds by night—

“That the radiant stars are blue on high,  
    At midnight’s silent hour,  
Peeping from out the spangled sky,  
    On earth, on tree, and flow’r—

“That the sea is beautiful and wide,  
    That noble ships sail o’er  
The mighty ocean’s sparkling tide,  
    Wafted from every shore—

“That the world’s gardens are fraught with flow’rs,  
    Which deck the fertile sod;  
Where joyful pilgrims spend their hours  
    Beneath the smiles of God.

“ Of these I hear, but cannot gaze  
On scenes of bright and fair ;  
To me, alas ! the sun’s pure rays,  
As clouds of darkness are.

“ And all that’s beautiful and light,  
Upon the verdant shore,  
Is lost to me, for, oh ! my sight  
Is veiled for evermore.

“ Alas ! my gay companions play,  
I hear them dance along,  
Joyfully on from day to day,  
With light and festive song.

“ They praise their land—they prize their home—  
They call it dear and fair—  
They lead me forth, and on I roam  
The child of dark despair.

“ Oh, mother dear, then pray for me  
Whene’er you kneel in prayer,  
That hence thy poor blind girl may be  
Thy God’s especial care.

“ I hear my brother praise the light,  
I hear him talk of day ;  
But mine, alas ! is endless night !—  
I view no cheering ray.

“He dances forth—I take his hand:  
He says I tread on flowers,  
Which deck this bright and sunny land—  
This fairy land of ours.

“I feel them fall beneath my tread,  
But, oh, I cannot view  
Fair Nature’s fresh and emerald bed,  
Tipp’d with the morning’s dew.

“Then, mother dear, then pray for me—  
Pray that thy poor blind child  
This flowery world henceforth may see  
In beauty undefiled.”

---

OUR OWN QUEEN—GOD BLESS HER.\*

---

Our own Queen, our gracious Queen—

God bless her !

And may she e'er, as now, be seen,  
On British ground, what she hath been—

May English hearts caress her—

May pleasure's wand, through every land,

Attend her pathway, where

The wild flow'r grows, the fragrant rose

And primrose scent the air.

Through Scotia's isle, may beauty's smile

Invite her steps along ;

Where Burns hath trod the daisied sod,

Now made the theme of song.

Then, our own Queen, our youthful Queen—

God bless her !

And may she e'er, as now, be seen,

Throughout the land, what she hath been—

Old England's pride, Old England's Queen !

\* These lines were written on the occasion of her Majesty's visit to Scotland.

Our young Queen, our gracious Queen—  
    God bless her !  
For her the soldier's sword was made,  
For her he wields the glittering blade,  
    Whenever foes oppress her ;  
For her he ploughs the raging seas,  
    And marches foreign ground ;  
And when the call, "to war," is heard,  
    He heeds the bugle's sound.  
Unto the field, with sword and shield,  
    He starts without a sigh ;—  
His land to save—his Queen to save—  
    The soldier brave would die !  
Then, our own Queen, our youthful Queen—  
    God bless her !  
And may she e'er, as now, be seen,  
Throughout the land, what she hath been—  
Old England's pride, Old England's Queen !  
  
Our young Queen, our gracious Queen—  
    God bless her !  
May heav'n preserve her Consort long,  
Maintain in him the voice of song,  
    And tune his harp to bless her ;  
Whose songs\* in tender strains have rung  
    Through many an ancient hall,

\* It is scarcely necessary to remark, that H.R.H. Prince Albert is a poet, and that his productions have awakened a lively interest in the minds of those who have had the fortune to read them.—M.C.

By courtly dames and nobles sung,  
At music's blithesome call:  
May God preserve each royal child,  
And give them noble bearing ;  
May loyal hearts preserve their Queen,  
Whilst her standard rearing.  
Then, our own Queen, our youthful Queen—  
God bless her !  
And may she e'er, as now, be seen,  
Throughout the land, what she hath been—  
Old England's pride, Old England's Queen !

---

### THE BIBLE.

---

This book contains the staff of human life,  
The wisdom of the learned and the wise ;  
It warns from hell and everlasting strife,  
And bids the soul aspire beyond the skies.

Then, teach me, Lord, thou great eternal God,  
To learn the truth this holy work contains ;  
That, when I leave this foul, corrupted sod,  
I then may soar above its dark domains.

## THE LEAF AND THE STREAM.

A DIALOGUE.

—  
STREAM.

“ Leaf, say whither art thou going,  
Upon my swollen bosom flowing—  
Is it to the broad deep sea  
That thou wouldst along be borne,  
Through fields of waving grass and corn,  
From thy quiet native lea ?”

LEAF.

“ Stream, 'tis not from my land of flow'rs,  
Of fertility, and bright show'rs,  
By thee that I would be borne ;  
No ; I would much rather dwell where  
The glittering sunbeams sparkle fair,  
Than be from my kindred torn :  
“ Where bees and butterflies were mine,  
And the bright sun would on me shine ;  
When, on a broad old oak tree,  
I sported in the fragrant air,  
Amidst companions rich and rare,  
In the forest wild and free :

“ Where I have heard lovers talking,  
As on a starlight night walking  
    Forth they went, and heard the birds  
Singing from the fresh verdant trees  
Melodious notes upon the breeze,  
    Themselves breathing sweetest words.

“ But an angry and howling storm  
Came o’er the woods, and did deform  
    The sweet face of Nature mild :  
’Twas night—the moon sat on her throne,  
And through the clouds obscure she shone,  
    And, radiant with beauty, smiled.

“ Like Niobe in tears, she smiled  
Upon the dark rude earth, defiled  
    With the raving storm which growl’d,  
And I was fiercely torn away,  
Unto thy waters from the spray,  
    By the piercing breeze which howl’d.

“ Yet still, I would much rather be  
Living there than floating on thee,  
    Dancing as thou art along—  
Leaping and foaming with madness  
O’er the pebbles—then, with gladness,  
    Singing some strange and wild song.

“ But since fate hath led me to thee,  
Conduct me to the raging sea—  
    To the foaming, salt, blue deep,  
And I will make a voyage o’er  
The ocean, to some foreign shore,  
    O’er watery mountains steep.”

## S T R E A M.

“ Leaf, thou art sere—thy course is run :  
No more beneath the burning sun,  
    On the fresh green forest boughs,  
Shalt thou resist the passing breeze  
When straying to the foamy seas,  
    Or hear gentle lovers’ vows.

“ No more for thee shall rain descend,  
Nor dew, nor sunshine be thy friend,  
    Thou once young glorious leaf—  
Now floating on my bosom forth  
To east, to west, to south, and north,  
    Of forest leaves, once chief.

“ Thou art mine, and I have the pow’r  
To bear thee, ere another hour  
    Shall flutter on Time’s wing,  
Towards dark eternity’s grave,  
To make thee an obedient slave  
    To me—thy lord and king.

"So come," and the stream gave a leap  
That carried that leaf to the deep,  
    Deep, sparkling, bounding sea,  
Where it left it with a motion,  
To roam the trackless ocean,  
    A frail wanderer—free.

---

## SONNET.

THE PAINTER.

---

Say not, that when the painter dies,  
    No fond worshipper kneels at the shrine  
Where he has fallen. To the skies,  
    And heaven's high-altar throne, where shine  
Bright stars, o'er canopying earth,  
    Air, and ocean, soft prayers arise,  
Breathing incense, and giving birth  
    To angels' visits from the skies  
On earth. Oh! there are those who kneel,  
And all a parent's fondness feel,  
    O'er the strained canvas, whilst the name  
Of him, whose hands the colours laid,  
    Is written on the scroll of fame,  
When in the mouldering dust his bones are laid

THE DYING STUDENT.

---

There was deep silence in the chamber, where  
The dying student lay ; and the calm air  
Arose at intervals, and fanned the flowers  
In the white cottage window ; and the bowers  
In the fair garden felt the passing breeze,  
Which murmured forth its gentle melodies  
Upon that solemn eve, and swept aside  
The curtains of the student's room, whose bride  
Sat pensively beside his bed, and gazed  
Upon his haggard form, and on his glazed  
Eyes and fevered lips, whilst she held his hand,  
And tried to charm him with her accents bland.

The eve was calm and beautiful ; the sun  
Had set behind the western hills, and run  
His glorious course along the mountains—  
Shone on fertile vales and sparkling fountains,  
And died away, as die all precious flow'rs,  
When most beloved, in this sad world of ours.

There was a lingering light and playful smile  
Upon the evening clouds, which for a while  
Sported on the white curtains of his bed,  
And into the mind strange fantasy shed

Of the hidden and mysterious strife,  
At that quiet hour, between Death and Life.

The student lay powerless—his parch'd hand  
And faded cheek were delicately bland,  
His lips were fixed, and, amidst all, he smiled  
In the jaws of Death, upon his wife and child—  
A sinless, fairy, blue-eyed girl, whose hair  
Hung o'er her neck, and kissed her forehead fair—  
Then drew them closer to his side, and said,  
“ When in the damp, cold earth my body's laid,  
Remember me, and all that now is ours  
Of earthly riches—our garden of flow'rs,  
And this cottage, where first I drew my breath,  
And where, resigned to fate, I meet my death,  
Will then be thine, my fond, my dearest wife.  
Friend of my soul!—companion of my life!—  
Sweet image of my heart! whose words have hung  
Like angel's welcome music on thy tongue,  
And cheer'd me in all my wanderings o'er  
The drear and thorny path of life's dark shore!  
To thee I now commend our weeping child,  
Our only offspring in this desert wild;  
Oh! take her—watch her—cull for her the flowers  
Of love and mental beauty, from the bowers  
Of Eden.           \*           \*           \*           \*           \*

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*           \*  
Unfold my manuscript, and read to me  
My own romantic tales of poesy ;

Perchance, 'twill soothe my dying hour to hear  
Thee breathe the themes that e'er to me were dear—  
O'er which we pondered in our walks, when we—  
When first we loved—roamed forth beside the sea  
On moonlit summer's eve, and gazed upon  
The skies, and countless twinkling stars, which shone  
In pure resplendent light from heav'n on high ;  
When, seldom thinking of eternity,  
I wandered o'er life's sunny field, along  
With gay, unthinking heart, and jocund song.  
Yes ; come, read to me ere mine eyelids close—  
Ere, in the grave, from care I find repose ;  
'Twill soothe my dying hour ; and, when I die,  
Strew such flow'rets o'er my grave as I  
Now love—my dearest wife, you know them well,  
For oft with me, you, through the sunlit dell,  
Have stray'd, and pluck'd the primrose from the sod,  
The violet and daisy, sweet flow'rs of God.  
Then strew them o'er my house of clay, when I  
Am locked in the jaws of eternity.

“ One other parting wish, and then farewell  
To thee, and all the scenes I love so well !  
It is, that thou shalt hand my humble name  
To some fair son of genius, o'er whom fame  
Hath thrown her mantle—yes ; some child of song,  
Some genuine bard, of feelings true and strong,  
With one last dying wish from him who goes  
From life's rude vale to seek a calm repose, •

That he will bear my native songs to fame,  
 To be a record of my humble name  
 When I am dead and sleeping in my grave,  
 To the mean, crawling worm an abject slave.  
 And now farewell !—my friends and foes, farewell !—  
 Death holds his lamp to light me from this dell.  
 From you I go—his call I must obey—  
 Imperious is his voice—away, away !  
 Away I start to that land ‘from whose bourne  
 To earth no traveller can e’er return.’  
 But do not weep—come, dry Affliction’s tear—  
 ‘God’s will be done on earth,’ my Mary dear !  
 And poor, poor weeping Jane !—my wife and child,  
 May God protect you both in life’s rude wild !  
 It grieves me much to part with thee ; but all  
 Who meet upon this dark, terraqueous ball,  
 Soon must part ; yet, there is a land on high,  
 Where we may meet again.”       \*       \*       \*  
 \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
 Consumption did its work—“Death gave the word”—  
 The jaw fell—the eye closed—a sound was heard  
 Rattling within the student’s throat—and he,  
 Resigned to God, sank to eternity.

The red sun in beauty sunk for awhile  
 Upon the sombre hills, with glowing smile,  
 Then played around the poor dead student’s bed,  
 And danced amid the curtains o’er his head ;

Then slipped behind a cloud, and hid his face  
From drowsy nature, with familiar grace,  
And, for a second, brightly beamed again,  
Then sank to slumber on the tranquil main.

So with human life!—ere a Christian dies,  
Hope lights her sparkling lamp within his eyes,  
The cold and pallid cheek grows flushed, and he  
Who is to be launched to eternity  
Oftimes deceives his weeping friends, who gaze  
Upon his wasted form, with the pure rays  
Of seeming joyous light he sheds on all  
His dear living kindred in this dark ball.  
His cheeks grow pale, his eyes grow dim, and he—  
Like that great orb which sinks upon the sea,  
Wrapping night's dark mantle around his form  
“To bide the pelting of the pit'less storm”—  
His eyelids close, and, slumbering, sinks to sleep,  
Like the bright sun upon the glorious deep.

---

## W O M A N ' S   S M I L E .

A BALLAD.

---

In life's wild field a flow'ret grows,  
    A blooming, tender flower ;  
'Tis not the modest, blushing rose,  
    That loves to deck dear woman's bower :  
But, brighter far, it is a gem  
    That mocks the starry isle  
A pure and lovely diadem,  
    Revealed in woman's smile.

Through Autumn's change, and Winter shorn,  
    This constant, cheering flower  
Defies the rude and howling storm,  
    With mild yet ruling power ;  
O'er every sea, in every clime,  
    Will this fair flower beguile  
And wear away the chain of Time,  
    With lovely woman's smile.

Arabia's sons before it bow, —  
    The Persians fondly kneel, —  
Mahommed pours his fervent vow, —  
    Italians sheathe the steel ;

And beasts of dread, and birds of prey,  
Will this fair flower beguile,  
And charm, with its effulgent ray—  
That flower is woman's smile.

---

## THE PEASANT'S SONG.

---

I seek no riches bound with care,  
No, give me health and ease,  
A cottage wife, and cottage fare—  
To others what they please.  
Enough for me if Mary smiles,  
And brightly burns the fire—  
If Bob and Dick, with wanton wiles,  
Leap forth to meet their sire.

I envy not the wealthy great,  
Let them their riches bind,  
And if they can on earth create  
The peace that all would find ;  
But, give to me the forest free,  
A streamlet near our home,  
And, dearest one, beneath the sun,  
With thee I'd proudly roam.

## THE ROYAL COMPLIMENT.

AN IMP ROMPTU.

---

[The other day her Majesty and Prince Albert evinced their contempt for the fashionable and dissipated fools of Esher, in a very marked manner, for their deadness to the value of a man of high intellect and accomplished mind. Alfred Tennyson, the poet, had been sojourning at Esher, in bad health ; no one thought it worth their while to visit him, or to solicit his acquaintance. The Queen and Prince hearing of it, paid their respects to him without delay. No sooner was this known than Tennyson was inundated with cards and invitations, which were alike disregarded.—*Pictorial Times*, August 14th, 1847.]

---

Thank God, we have a Queen and Prince  
In England's sunny isle,  
Who, for fashion's fools, evince  
A cold, contemptuous smile ;

Who patronize the intellect,  
And, in the hour of need,  
To one deserted by the throng  
Became "a friend indeed :"]

For, through Esher lately passing,  
Our noble Prince and Queen  
Heard that Tennyson, the poet,  
Had sought its air serene.

For sickness brought that gifted bard  
To Esher's rural bowers,  
That he might health and strength regain  
By roaming, midst its flowers.

The haughty and the gay were there,  
But far too high *their* station  
For them to stoop to notice him  
Whose lays had pleased a nation.

The Queen and Prince they heard of this,  
And kindly forth they strayed,  
To welcome Tennyson, the bard,  
To Esher's healthful glade.

It is often thus with genius ;  
Neglected by the proud,  
Until the truly great and good  
Step forth and lift the shroud.

Then, well may Tennyson be proud  
That England's Queen and Prince,  
To him, her subject in ill health,  
Such kindness did evince.

And more—a people's gratitude  
And fervent pray'rs are thine,  
Most gracious Sovereign and Prince,  
Breathed unto Mercy's shrine.

And may the God of Heaven above,  
The "King of kings" on high,  
On thee, our good and youthful Queen,  
Pour blessings from the sky.

---

#### N A T U R E.

---

Nature!—Oh! I am Nature's worshipper,  
And would kneel at Nature's almighty shrine,  
The God of all, in all His works revere,  
The insect and the human form divine!  
For in the bud, as in the tree, appear  
The might of an omnipotent to shine;  
The worm asserts the power of Him, whose hand  
Created sun, moon, stars, sea, and fertile land!

Then, are there those who still deny a God,  
Who breathe, and look upon the universe?  
Partake the vegetation of the sod,  
And hear the echo loud His deeds rehearse;  
Who view the lightning's flash—heaven's chast'ning  
rod,  
And see the placid sky so clear and terse,

The rainbow's tints, and the boiling of the sea—  
Who behold all these, and own no deity ?

Can human form—can man, created in  
The image of his God, possessing life,  
Sense, and seeing, behold the stirring din  
Around him, and the world's prevailing strife,  
Without intensity of thought within,  
That one sublime, almighty Being, rife  
With truth, mercy, justice, goodness, sways the land,  
At whose nod the granite rock would fall to sand ?

---

### WOMAN'S EYES.

---

To hearts so warm, and eyes so bright,  
Whose smiles now circle o'er us,  
And yield on earth such pure delight,  
That heaven seems close before us—  
To woman's eyes, and heart so warm,  
Come pour the sparkling wine,  
For oh, she smiles amidst the storm—  
Her looks are all divine.

With one accord  
Along the board  
Then pass the sparkling wine,  
To woman's eyes.

Though eyes of blue are holy hue,  
Yet give to me the dark ones,  
They brighter are, and they are few,  
And shine like glittering suns ;  
But dark or blue, we'll toast them all,  
Their rays are so divine,  
Like stars, on this terrestrial ball,  
They sparkle and they shine.  
With one accord  
Along the board  
Then pass the sparkling wine,  
To woman's eyes.

---

### DESPAIR.

---

The heart of man, however gay,  
At times will view the fiend Despair ;  
His transient joys then pass away,  
And sad dejection centres there.

THE BRITISH FLAG.

---

The British flag !—Whoe'er has seen  
That flag of our's on ocean green,  
He must, indeed, have felt a pride,  
To see his country's banner ride,  
In strength and glory, o'er the seas,  
And nobly floating on the breeze,  
And bearing unto foreign strand  
The glorious history of our land.

Thou beautiful flag !—elate with pride,  
As on the wild winds thou dost ride,  
Thy flaunting tells triumphantly  
Of daring deeds of bravery ;  
Wherever thou hast been unfurl'd  
Throughout the habitable world,  
Thy fame will, to remotest time,  
Be heralded to every clime.

From turret grey, and castle wall,  
I love to see thy plumage fall ;  
Or, dancing on the fragrant air,  
A pageant bold, and bright, and fair,

Thy triple emblem fondly brings  
The memory of a thousand things,  
And makes me love my country more  
Than e'er my heart has done before.

Thou flag of brave and noble mien!  
Old England's pride, old ocean's queen,  
Thou mistress of the world—go forth  
From east to west, from south to north,  
Envied and fear'd by Britain's foes,  
Who shall thy bold course dare oppose?  
All, all shall own thy sovereign sway,  
As o'er the deep thou speed'st thy way!

---

### THE LAST DAY.

---

All worldly things will vanish soon,  
The earth itself must pass away;  
Rocks rise and melt in awful gloom,  
Before that great eternal day.

The sun turn chill, its axis roll  
O'er the dark tide of life's rough sea,  
Till man, with an affrighted soul,  
Shock'd, shudders at eternity.

SONG OF A GREEK CAPTIVE.

---

Oh ! Freedom's sword was once ador'd  
When Freedom's flag was ours,  
When Greece was young, and every tongue  
Gave praise to arts of ours ;  
Our fame was sung by every tongue,  
Our deeds admired afar,  
Our land, 'midst haze, did proudly blaze—  
A pure and radiant star.  
The light it shed, too long hath fled,  
Our halls deserted stand,  
Whilst echo thrills our native hills,  
And says—" Be free, bright land !"

We will be free !—we will be free !  
And Greece again shall smile ;  
Our fame be raised, the name be praised,  
Of this degenerate isle ;  
Our swords be raised where freedom blazed,  
Another Sappho rise—  
And dark-eyed maids our cooling glades  
Shall dance 'neath brighter skies ;  
Whose votive songs shall blot the wrongs  
From out the page of Greece ;  
And write with gold, in letters bold—  
" Here smiles the bow of Peace !"

THE POET.

---

A Poet is like a lark on the wing,  
Which unto "heaven's gate" doth soar and sing;  
Or like a tinted butterfly, which flies  
From flower to flower 'neath radiant skies ;  
Or like the honey-bee, roaming along,  
Kissing every fruit in the clime of song ;  
Or like the dove, by Noah sent forth to trace  
Out the verdant land from the waters' face:  
First, like the lark, soaring on fluttering wing,  
The bard's voice soars unto high heaven to  
sing ;  
Then, like the tinted butterfly, which flies  
And sports for ever beneath radiant skies,  
His spirit flutters in Elysium fair,  
Amidst sweet flowerets, bright, rich, and rare ;  
And, like the bee which roams from bower to  
bower,  
He distils sweet honey from every flower ;  
Then, like the dove of Noah, sent forth to trace  
A green spot of earth for a dwelling place,  
In search of joy and rest the minstrel starts,  
And finds fair, fertile spots for weary hearts.  
So the bard's high calling is worthy, and he  
Is bless'd in his theme who studies poetry.

## L I N E S

ON REVISITING THE SCENES OF MY YOUTH.

---

Ye verdant dales ! ye noble hills !  
Where oft my footsteps trod,  
I come once more to view your scenes,  
So truly blessed by God ;  
I come once more to spend an hour  
Among your bounding deer ;  
To see them dance your emerald plains,  
And roam these haunts so fair.

Ye friends of my youth ! ye little birds !  
Ah ! whither have ye fled ?  
Your gentle voices blithely poured  
Sweet music o'er my head ;  
You warbled once the songs I loved—  
The songs of peace and joy,  
As o'er the fragrant lawns I danced,  
A wild and happy boy.

But let that pass—these fresh'ning scenes  
Shall cheer my heart again,  
Revive the hopes of early youth,  
And cool my burning brain ;

Then sing, ye birds, that haunt the spray,  
The songs ye used to sing—  
Ye murmuring streams, go wind along,  
And lave the flowers of spring.

Yon cottage white, which stands alone,  
Beneath the cloud-capp'd hill,  
O'er which the "God of Nature" sits,  
And guides the living rill,  
Contain'd a form, beloved by me,  
And unto memory dear,  
A fond playmate of early youth,  
Who gave me "tear for tear."

She's fled before the wings of Time,  
To other realms afar—  
On earth she shone, a brilliant light,  
A pure and radiant star ;  
But that must pass—I cannot bear  
To think of beauty flown,  
Of absent friends, or those who die,  
And leave this heart alone.

Alone !—yes, utterly alone,  
I roam life's desert now ;  
A broad and sable pall of woe  
Now hangs before my brow—

My friends, my early friends, have changed,  
Or else this world have flown,  
And thus life's path I wander o'er,  
Thus sad, and thus alone.

But why repine—these woodland scenes  
Recall my senses back  
To visions fair, when life was young,  
And love was on its track ;  
And yonder school, and distant spire,  
Which glittering shines above,  
Remind me of that star of Hope,  
The heavenly Star of Love.

Sweet Wandle,\* speed thy devious way—  
Go, wend thy course along,  
The silvery trout, which swim thy stream,  
Add charms unto thy song ;  
How oft in sunny childhood, I  
Upon thy margin stray'd,  
Watching Britannia's golden sky  
Shine on the dewy blade.

Scenes of my youth, adieu, adieu !  
For duty calls away,

\* A fine river, which flows through Beddington, Surrey, and a favourite place of resort for anglers.

And I must back to busy life,  
The paths of grief to stray ;  
Whatever fate may guide my lot  
O'er time's eventful sea,  
Thy haunts shall never be forgot,  
But sacred held by me.

Farewell, farewell, ye scenes of youth !  
Ye purling streams, farewell !  
No more your verdant lawns I tread—  
No more your flowery dell ;  
For now away, away I go,  
To mingle with the world,  
To brave the angry storms of woe,  
Upon my pathway hurl'd.

---

#### MORNING.

---

The lovely form of morning dawns,  
The young lark sings upon the hill,  
The wild hare bounds across the lawns,  
And music breathes in every rill.  
The opening bud, the rising day,  
O'er which the contemplative brood,  
Call forth the troubled heart away  
From life, to God, in gratitude.

THE OUTWARD BOUND.

---

The sea—how beautifully it glides along,  
    Bearing each ship before the flying breeze ;  
Whilst the poor mariner attunes his song  
    To love, as on the deck he lies at ease,  
And tales of home re-echo through the throng,  
    And laughter rings the air, as words that please  
Fall on the ears of the ploughmen of the deep,  
Who o'er the bright briny ocean fearless sweep.

Yon ship is outward bound ; her snow-white sail,  
    Contrasted with the blue cerulean wave,  
As on she leaps before the balmy gale,  
    In majesty above some briny grave,  
Flaunts on the air ; whilst the long pendant's tail,  
    And the union-jack their colors wave,  
As to India she makes her rapid way,  
Seeming a fair thing of life upon the spray.

Thus rides the Cambridge on, as light a barque  
    As ever dashed the imperial sea,  
Now drooping low—then, like the soaring lark,  
    She springs, in one brief moment, forth with glee ;

And then again, engulfed in waters dark,  
Like a spirit hushed in eternity,  
She sleeps—now, lo! she starts, and once again,  
She seems a sea-bird upon the briny main.

---

## SONNET

TO T. N. TALFOURD, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "ION."

---

Where shall the sons of genius lay  
Their care-worn heads from the rude storms  
Which pitiless howl around their forms,  
And sweep destruction to each ray  
Of hope which still within them springs?  
Oh, say!—for thou hast soar'd on wings  
Of fame above this nether world,  
With fair Minerva's flag unfurl'd,  
To glorious reputation.  
Thou child of song, of harmony,  
The drama's glory, and the bard  
Of soft and genial symphony—  
I hail, and, with admiration,  
Pour I my muse's song to thee.

THE SPIRIT OF ROME.

---

I stood on the deserted shore,  
    There was music on the breeze,  
And a certain stillness came o'er  
    The clear ripples of the seas ;  
There were many lights—the stars shone  
    Upon the calm, blue ocean,  
The moon sat on her watery throne  
    Above a ship in motion.

And a spirit came o'er the deep,  
    Breathing of sorrow and shame,  
Whispering of empires now asleep,  
    Once the fair bright lands of fame ;  
Till at last the strange spirit crept  
    Quick and noiselessly away,  
That it seem'd as if dreams had swept  
    Their deep magic o'er the spray.

And a thought of Rome came o'er me,  
    Of her senators of old,  
Her *mighty ones* passed before me,  
    And each, in succession, told

Of noble deeds, of trophies won  
By the hands of bravery ;  
And how, at last, a waning sun  
Set o'er her in slavery.

---

PEACE TO THE SHAMROCK, THISTLE, AND  
ROSE.

---

Be ready, my boys, when foes are at hand,  
Ram home your cartridge, prime, and be ready,  
And when call'd forth to fight on your own dear land,  
March to the fray, present, and be steady,  
And, if necessity bids you to fire,  
Then take a sure aim, and bring down your foe ;  
For *vanguish* we will, when the laws require  
Soldiers at *rebels* to level a blow.

Then up, my brave boys, in loyalty's cause,  
Your colors are emblems of bravery,  
Already your deeds have gain'd much applause,  
In repelling foul acts of knavery ;

So here's peace to the shamrock, thistle, and rose,  
Under which may all hearts be united,  
Soon may the demagogue sink in repose,  
And the weeds of sedition be blighted.

A glorious sight is your standard on high,  
'Tis liberty's flag throughout the wide world ;  
The sheen on its crimson flaunts 'neath the sky,  
When that glorious, freeborn banner's unfurled.  
Beneath its proud crest your cannon have roared,  
Your swords and glittering bayonets have clashed  
With those of your foe, whilst nobly ye poured  
Out death in volleys, from muskets which flashed.

Then up, my brave boys, in loyalty's cause,  
Your colors are emblems of bravery,  
Already your deeds have gained much applause,  
In repelling foul acts of knavery ;  
So here's peace to the shamrock, thistle, and rose,  
Under which may all hearts be united,  
Soon may the demagogue sink in repose,  
And the weeds of sedition be blighted.

---

DEATH AND THE CHILDREN.

---

One morn in spring, two girls I saw  
Dance wild and sportfully in play,  
A withering blast it swept along,  
And bore them both away.

A little child was playing near  
Some flow'rs, beside a purling stream,  
His feet they slipp'd, he sunk and died  
In boyhood's happy dream.

A mother watched her sleeping child,  
And caught the little beauty's breath;  
A moment pass'd, and then she saw  
Her lovely one embraced by Death !

The play-ground next my eyes surveyed,  
And there I saw the thoughtless free ;  
They romp'd, they danc'd, and gaily sung,  
Unconscious of Eternity.

A few brief hours, that ground was bare,  
Not one was there to note the past—  
To tell of many an old playmate,  
And visions, far too bright to last!

And next, and last of all, I saw  
A beautiful, a lovely form,  
In all the pride of youth she stood,  
With all the freshness of the morn.

Her raven hair hung down her neck,  
Which mock'd the purest driven snow,  
Her cheeks were roses, soft and red,  
Tinged with warm, luxuriant glow.

She lov'd—an early love was her's—  
A struggle vain—to gain a bliss ;  
Such love, as woman only knows,  
Was her's, in this rude wilderness.

A spell arose, for Death soon came,  
And laid his hand upon her brow,  
She struggled with the mighty one,  
And said, “ Begone— oh ! leave me now ! ”

“ But come with me,” the monarch said,  
“ No words !—my voice must be obeyed !—  
I'll lead you to the gloomy halls,  
The mighty mansions of the dead ! ”

She pass'd along—so pass away  
The fairest flow'rs which God hath given,  
And all the things we cherish most  
Are perished thus, whilst hearts are riven.

## ENGLAND, QUEEN OF THE SEA.

---

As rides our bark before the breeze,  
    With every sail unfurl'd,  
Proud empress of the sparkling seas,  
    Defying all the world,  
Old England's flag, nail'd to her mast—  
    An emblem of the brave—  
Its image on the waters cast,  
    Reflected by the wave.

We think of home, and every charm  
    Which binds us to our shore ;  
The rustic cot, the rural farm,  
    The wild green heath, the moor,  
The village school, the noisy stream,  
    The church in which we trod,  
When fancy gleam'd in life's young dream,  
    And lips breath'd pray'rs to God.

Thus bound we on before the breeze,  
    The British flag unfurl'd,  
Proud empress of the sparkling seas,  
    Defying all the world.

No powers allied can quell the brave,  
No swords can bow the free,  
No tyrant make a freeman slave—  
England's queen of the sea!

---

### THE SILENT HARP.

---

In sorrow long my harp has slept,  
Then ask me not again  
To wake the music which has kept  
My soul so long in pain ;  
But let it slumber gently on  
In Lethè's drowsy stream,  
And when the spell of slumber's gone,  
Awake to brighter theme.

Yes! then, my harp, awaken—then  
Thy song I'll hail to hear,  
And, at the echo of thy strain,  
I'll own thee doubly dear—  
Yes! doubly dear my harp shall be  
When, from its haunts of gladness,  
Sweet music's voice shall bring to me  
Its notes, to drown my sadness.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.  

---

Friendship and Love, one summer's day,  
Sat talking long in Beauty's bower,  
"Oh," said Love, as light as a fay,  
Whilst Friendship sat demure and gray,  
"Honey I sip from every flower,  
And I dance and sing, and flutter my wing,  
And sparkling nectar drink from every spring."  
Then young Love he drew  
An arrow or two,  
And said, in a voice quite enchanting,  
"Though my quiver is light,  
"I will capture, ere night,  
Some beauty that with me is flaunting."

A maiden was passing that way,  
And she gaz'd on the urchin boy ;  
And slyly she thought to ensnare  
That boy so young, lovely, and fair,  
With her looks so tender and coy.  
But Cupid, he rais'd his arrow and bow,  
Took a sure aim—drew the light string—and lo !  
She fell at his feet,  
With kisses most sweet,  
For her heart was enraptur'd with Love,

Who laugh'd proudly the while,  
With a conqueror's smile,  
To think she had bow'd unto Love.

---

## KATHLEEN.

All hearts were light, all eyes were bright,  
Around the festive board,  
And on the bowl hung flowers of soul—  
The sparkling wine was poured ;  
When forth there came a stately dame,  
As fair as e'er was seen,  
Who danced along that graceful throng—  
That maid was sweet Kathleen.

On earth, before, I never saw  
Such eyes of heavenly blue ;  
And, as she sung, her tresses hung  
O'er cheeks of rosy hue :  
'Twere worth your while to see the smile  
Upon that face, I ween ;  
And I, with pride, would make my bride,  
That maid, the sweet Kathleen.

GOD HELP THE POOR.\*  

---

God help the poor, the starving poor,  
Who linger on from day to day,  
Who wander forth from door to door,  
Beneath the sun's effulgent ray ;

\* Some of my readers may feel inclined to say that I have overdrawn this picture of misery. If such there should be, my answer to them is, that, so far from my having done so, I have been totally incapable of doing justice to so deplorable a theme. Stationed with my company in Connemara—where God hath done much, and man little—where mountains ascend above the misty clouds, and foamy waters dash wildly and fearfully over dark precipices—and where silvery lakes reflect the light of the pale, yellow moon from their bosoms, whilst the songs of birds give to all nature an air of enchantment peculiarly her own—I have observed, day by day, amidst all these beauties, sometimes one, but generally two or more emaciated creatures, crawl into some corner, where they might unobserved close their eyes, without interruption, on a miserable world ; and numerous were the instances in which a wretched mother hath stooped over her darling, fevered, dying child, without a morsel to offer it, and having performed the sacred duties of a faithful parent, laid herself down beside it and expired. Such scenes, occurring at a time when the government of this country were using their most energetic exertions to allay a national calamity, shows its awful extent ; and which, but for the prompt assistance afforded by the benevolence of the wealthy, must have terminated in a far greater amount of depopulation.

Whom toil, and want, and dark despair,  
And every human ill hath bow'd,  
With thorns enwreath'd, and bow'd with care  
Before the wealthy and the proud.

God help the poor, attend their wants,  
And give them work, and give them bread—  
See! how yon weeping mother pants  
Beside her child, now cold and dead.  
Yon aged father view, whose locks  
O'erhang his worn and furrow'd brow,  
Whom his weak, wretched offspring shocks—  
God help the poor—"God speed the plough."

God help the poor—the night is cold,  
The wind howls fiercely o'er the moor,  
The lambkins long have sought the fold,  
And loud the angry surges roar.  
"Bread! bread! give us bread!" is the cry  
Of the neglected starving poor,  
Who roam beneath their native sky,  
And beg for food from door to door.

God help the poor—be this the prayer  
Of every fervent Christian long;  
No longer let the fiend Despair,  
With haggard want, their woes prolong.

Too much, of late, their hearts have bow'd  
To deep oppression, and to wrong ;  
And *few* have deigned, the thoughtless crowd  
To start to sense of shame—in song.

God help the poor—let minstrels sing—  
Let every lyre anew be strung,  
And then, may charmed music spring  
With grace and freedom from the tongue.  
The bard's high calling then shall be  
Fulfilled, and all his aid be given  
To gain from Wealth pure Charity,  
And teach the proud to pray to heaven.

God help the poor—let none withhold  
Their aid in this sad hour of grief ;  
The rich can give their prayers and gold,  
And *most* can yield a small relief ;  
For who that breathes, that does not feel  
A pang to see the man of toil  
Before his fellow-creature kneel  
For leave to till his native soil.

God help the poor of every creed,  
Of every land, in every hour ;  
For why should faith e'er intercede  
To gain for sects the aid of power :

When *man* is *man*, no matter where  
He kneels at gentle Mercy's shrine,  
To offer up his holy prayer  
Before the "Lord of lords" divine.

God help the poor—for man is man,  
Who should "brothers be and a' that,"  
One Father owns this earthly clan,  
Gives equal laws for poor and great ;  
But man, man's worst and sternest foe,  
The work of his Creator mars,  
And strives the will to overthrow  
Of Him who made the moon and stars.

God help the poor—though suffering man  
Scarcely deserves Thy aid or care ;  
But Thou wilt not his follies scan,  
When he appeals to Thee in pray'r.  
Great God of light, Father of all,  
On bended knee to Thee we turn,  
Poor worms that crawl this earthly ball,  
Whilst all the planets o'er us burn.

God help the poor, the houseless poor,  
Whose only blanket is the sky,  
Whose hungry looks in vain implore  
The aid their fellow men deny.

Oh, shelter him, whose aged form  
Now trembling totters forth to meet  
The lightning's glare, and angry storm,  
As there he strays from street to street.

God help the poor, poor orphan child,  
Who roams this world of sin and care—  
Oh, guide him o'er life's desert wild  
Away from shoals of dark despair—  
Stretch forth Thy kind Almighty hand,  
And lead that sinless child along,  
Unto a fairer, brighter land,  
Where angels sing their joyful song.

God help the poor—Oh, hear their pray'r ;  
That man is cold, and worn with grief,  
Borne down with want, and haggard care,  
Then send, oh, send him quick relief.  
Yon mother, weeping o'er her child,  
Is wet, and weak, and deathly pale,  
Whilst, clasped by death, her infant smil'd,  
Then closed his eyes, and mocked the gale.

God help the poor—teach hearts of stone  
And steel inanimate, to know  
That Thou, who sittest on Thy throne,  
Dost watch the ways of men below ;

That Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall,  
The mite, the worm, the leaf, and tree ;  
That Thou art monarch of them all,  
From now to all eternity.

God help the poor—the night is cold,  
The roofless house, the bed of straw,  
Do now a dreadful tale unfold  
About the starved, neglected poor,  
Who die in hundreds day by day,  
For want of common, coarsest food,  
Without a grave wherein to lay  
Their heads, and sleep in solitude.

God help the poor, poor artisan,  
Who lives by toil and labour hard—  
Oh, prosper every worthy plan  
Of him, of hope and joy debarred—  
Of her, who plies the needle long,  
By day and night, for daily bread,  
Till dimly burns life's lamp, once strong,  
Then flickering, sleeps—for ever dead.

God help the poor, on whom the light  
Of humble genius deigns to smile,  
Who walk in learning's path aright,  
And in Minerva's vale beguile

Their leisure hours, by plucking fruit  
Of splendid growth from Wisdom's tree,  
As forth they go in fond pursuit  
Of such, o'er Nature's flowery lea.

God help the poor of every land,  
Who beat the flail, who guide the plough,  
Who sow with grain their native strand,  
And proudly roam the mountain's brow ;  
Whom health and sweet contentment own,  
However dark their fate may be,  
Who pay obedience to the throne,  
With zeal and fond fidelity.

God help the poor—let famine's cry  
At once be hush'd, and heard no more  
Throughout the land where thousands die ;  
Oh, soon again, sweet health restore—  
Fill Plenty's horn with ripened grain,  
With fruit and all good earthly things—  
And let our prayers be not in vain  
Breath'd unto Thee, thou King of kings.

God help the poor of every land—  
Be this the universal prayer :  
Stretch forth Thine own almighty hand,  
And save thy children from despair :

Dispel the clouds which o'er them ride  
In gloom and fearful aspect now,  
And henceforth be their friend and guide—  
God help the poor—"God speed the plough."


---

### THE ROYAL STANDARD.

---

The Royal standard !—oft with pride  
I see that noble banner ride  
O'er England's tow'rs and castles high,  
Beneath a blue ethereal sky ;  
And, o'er Britannia's cliffs is seen  
Its glittering crest, with crimson sheen ;  
And as it flaunts above, unfurl'd,  
It bids defiance to the world.

Beneath that flag have thousands fought,  
And bled and died as heroes ought !  
The noblest sons that Albion e'er  
Sent forth from out her valleys fair ;




Yes—Britain's strength, their country's pride,  
Have nobly fought, and side by side  
Have fell, where glory waves her wand  
To save our own dear native land.

From Windsor's stately moss-grown walls,  
That royal banner proudly falls,  
Adorns that grand and regal scene,  
Where oft presides our gracious Queen :  
May heaven make her's a happy reign,  
And guide her o'er life's thorny plain  
To yon fair clime beyond the sky,  
Where flow'rets bloom that never die.

Land of fair skies ! it is to thee  
The humble minstrel bends his knee ;  
Oft has he viewed thy flag unfurl'd  
On high, the proudest in the world,  
A record unto nations o'er  
The sparkling deep, that Albion's shore  
Defies its foes, and that its sons  
Maintain their faith in British guns.

Thou dauntless banner, high unfurl'd,  
Thou dread and envy of the world !  
Wave on, as now, renowned and fair,  
Upon the light and fragrant air ;



And from thy fam'd historic tales  
Proclaim to those soft balmy gales  
(And let it float upon the breeze),  
"That England's mistress of the seas."

Thou mighty flag! upon the field  
High hast thou waved above the shield ;  
And o'er the sword, in warfare's clang,  
Thy lion crest has nobly sprang ;  
Urged on through danger's dark career,  
A thousand forms unknown to fear,  
And bade defiance to the foe,  
Whose hand would fain have laid thee low.

Through ages yet unborn thou'lt rise,  
My native banner, to the skies !  
May slavery never sully thee,  
Thou mighty flag of bravery !  
O ! wave thou ever on as now,  
Above thy country's craggy brow,  
Thy dauntless crest uprear'd on high,  
Thou glorious flag of liberty !

---

## LINES

WRITTEN BENEATH GOFF'S OAK, CHESHUNT COMMON.

Adieu, adieu, thou peaceful shade,  
Beneath whose boughs my limbs are laid ;  
'Tis evening time, and I must flee  
To hearts and scenes not made for me ;  
The busy world doth suit me not—  
In Lethè's stream I'd lie forgot ;  
But duty calls, I must obey—  
Farewell, my friend. When far away,  
I'll oft-times dream and muse on thee,  
Thou friendly shade, thou lonely tree.

\* About five miles beyond Enfield, through Bull's Cross, and beyond the old palace of King James the First, stands, on Cheshunt Common, Goff's Oak, a formidable rival, and certainly a survivor, of the famous Fairlop Oak, which, not long since, was cut down in the Forest of Hainault. A respectable public-house stands within a few yards of Goff's Oak. The story, which is recorded under a rude drawing of the tree, at the Goff Oak Inn, is, that the Oak was planted in the year 1066, by Sir Theodore Godfrey, or Goff, who came over with William the Conqueror. The Oak itself is a curiosity ; the dimensions are large, the trunk is hollow, nor is it the least of its claims to the attention of the visitor, that several persons can stand in the cavity which time has made. This venerable tree is not generally known ; none would regret the delightful drive to the spot, and few would think the time which would be spent in its examination lost, especially in these times, when an accurate knowledge of the ancient and true British oak may lead to a great improvement in the plantations, forests, and shipping of the United Kingdom.

## LINES

ON SEEING A PORTRAIT OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, IN THE  
UNIFORM OF A SAILOR.

---

A health to thee, thou gallant boy !  
Thy father's hope ! thy mother's joy !  
And country's pride ! May fame inspire  
Thy youthful mind with firm desire  
And steady aim, to win applause,  
By valiant deeds, in some great cause.  
When England's honor doth demand  
The aid of some brave helping hand,  
Then go, thou youth, to ocean true—  
Go o'er the salt deep waves so blue—  
Go—and, perchance, thy noble name  
Upon the glorious scroll of fame  
May hence appear—when history's page  
Records the deeds of bard and sage,  
Of sailor true, and soldier brave,  
Who fearless roam the faithless wave  
In search of honored enterprise,  
Whilst Britain's flag, beneath the skies,

On high its daring emblem proudly waves,  
And says, that "Britons never shall be slaves."  
Oh! may the Lord of light and time  
E'er guide thee in his path divine!  
And as old Neptune drives his car  
Over the leaping waves afar—  
As on the high and giddy mast,  
A sailor boy, thy fate is cast.  
Oh! may the God of pow'r and truth  
Protect and watch thee in thy youth!  
Protect thee from the snares and strife  
Which e'er encompass man's dark life;  
And hear thee in that hour of prayer,  
When thou dost pray—that not a care,  
A sigh, a sorrow, or a tear,  
May shade thy mother's bright career;  
That thy father's way on earth may be  
A pure, unbounded path of glee;  
And that thy brothers and thy sisters e'er  
In life may roam through valleys rich and fair,  
And dwell at last, on high above,  
With Him, the "King of kings," in love;  
When thou in some noble cause engaged,  
Where Mars' red angry fire hath raged,  
Hath stood the battle's strife—may He  
Lead thee in safety o'er the sea  
To Britain's isle, thy native home,  
To dwell at ease, no more to roam.

Then shall thy sails for aye be furl'd,  
Until, in some far brighter world,  
Thou shalt thy anchor cast, and be  
Saved from the perils of the sea.

---

THINK NOT THAT THE HEART IS ALWAYS  
GAY.

---

Think not that the heart is always gay  
When the face is smiling, love ;  
Like the ruin, which 'neath the waters lay,  
When the deep is fair above,  
Is the heart of man—oh ! then, think not,  
When the face is smiling fair,  
That the bosom's grief is then forgot,  
And banish'd the heart's despair.

Yon ruin tower, which mouldering stands,  
Enshrined in the ivy green,  
Looks nobly erect o'er all the lands,  
Though the hands of time have been  
Hard at work, with the worm, night and day,  
On the heart of that ancient fane,  
Till halls and aisles are fritter'd away,  
And only the walls remain.

THE LYRE.

---

The mighty lyre—the mighty lyre !  
Whose tones of music flow  
O'er the immeasurable world,  
Dispelling human woe.

The mighty lyre—the mighty lyre !  
Fann'd by the passing breeze,  
Breathes gentle song along the vales,  
And music o'er the seas.

Yet there are who say that the lyre—  
The true and faithful lyre—  
Should be banished from this our isle,  
And ever quenched its fire.

Such minds are base: such souls as these  
Are fraught with infamy ;  
Imagination's springs ne'er rise before  
The paltry stoic's eye.

Bright Nature's garb, whose fairy wand  
Touches the poet's soul,  
And brings him love and secret joy  
On earth beyond control,

Ne'er shines on them, poor grovelling worms,  
Mean reptiles of the earth ;  
The sea, the sky, the flower—for them  
God never gave these birth.

For higher minds than theirs he form'd  
The bright and sunny glade,  
The woodland green, and verdant lawns,  
Where happy childhood stray'd.

For, fresh on memory's silken wings,  
Those hours return again,  
With all the joys of by-gone days,  
To banish grief and pain.

For this we thank earth's mighty Lord,  
The ocean's mighty King,  
The high ordainer of our lives,  
From whom all blessings spring.

To Him we kneel, and ask, in pray'r,  
To bless henceforth our lyres ;  
To cause our humble songs to ring  
Throughout "Old England's" choirs.

And soon a day may come, when o'er  
The land and sparkling sea,  
Britannia's lyre shall breathe its voice  
Of melody, more free.

When the mighty' lyre shall be heard,  
Nor be dispraised as now ;  
When truth and song shall proudly sit  
Upon Britannia's brow.

Yes—proudly sit, and centred there,  
Add glory to the throne ;  
Round which may love encircled twine,  
And sorrow be unknown.

---

## SONNET.

---

Maid of my soul, in beauty's light you glide  
In silence by the silvery stream,  
Reflected on the bosom of the tide  
Like some fair star, whose radiant beam  
Sheds light and glory round its pathway, where  
In the eternalstillness of the air,  
Light angels dance and sing.  
Fair as the stately swan upon the lake,  
With graceful mien you glide along,  
Adown the daisied bank, or fragrant brake,  
Where steals upon the ear, the song  
Of birds of plumed wing ;  
When summer smiles, or autumn's evening hours  
Fresh nose gays bring from Nature's choicest flow'rs.

LOVE NOT.

---

Love not!—alas! that fatal sound  
    I would recall again;  
Or, since 'tis breath'd, will whisper round  
    Its song of cold disdain;—  
I bid it seek the young—the fair,  
    Who bound life's festive stream;  
I bid it paint to them, the care  
    That crowns love's transient dream.  
                                Love not!

Love not! for all ye love must die;—  
    The fairest flow'rs will fade;  
Dwell not on beauty's sparkling eye,  
    Its brightness time will shade:  
Nor dream of friendship, that has pass'd  
    To gild some fairy sky;  
Rest not on hopes too bright to last—  
    On love's delusive sigh.  
                                Love not!

## CHARITY.

Lines written on the laying of the foundation-stone of the Royal British  
Female Orphan Asylum, Stoke, near Plymouth, April, 23rd, 1845.

---

When meek-eyed Charity—fairy queen !—  
Came tripping o'er life's verdant green,  
Young Beauty flew to meet her gaze,  
And gave to her the meed of praise ;  
Whilst all who saw, admired the grace  
Which hung upon that maiden's face.

Thus on this morn, when banners high  
Adorn the bright cerulean sky,  
That blue-eyed maid comes dancing o'er  
The vales of peace to this fair shore,  
Spreading pure rays of hope around,  
And strewing flow'rets o'er the ground.

Yes, hope to thousands yet unborn,  
Will spring from this dear hallow'd morn ;  
The orphan's groan, the widow's sigh,  
Be hush'd by meek-eyed Charity ;  
And haggard want, in hateful mien,  
No longer in her haunts be seen ;  
No crying, friendless children moan  
That they are famish'd and alone ;

But hence protected, learn to feel  
Their patron's forethought for their weal ;  
And thence be made to know from heaven above,  
That in this world, is universal love ;  
And that for them live friends and kindred dear,  
With hands outstretched, to wipe away the tear  
Of anguish deep, whene'er it flows,  
And lull their souls to sweet repose.

Land of my fathers ! oh, whene'er  
I gaze upon thy valleys fair,  
I think upon the dauntless bands  
That grace thy rich and fertile lands ;  
And now, as oft I hear the sound  
Of joyful music pealing round,  
My heart beats high to think this hour  
Doth add a star to Britain's pow'r.

Then swell the note, let music rise  
From these fair valleys to the skies,  
In gratitude to Him who made  
The verdant hill and sunny glade.  
And you, ye fatherless, who moan  
In sorrow, destitute, alone,  
Kneel at His shrine, in heartfelt pray'r,  
And bless thy heavenly father's care—  
Kneel at his shrine, and offer high  
The thankful, tributary sigh,  
In gratitude to Him who gave  
Thee friends when thou wert on the wave,

And sinking low in agony,  
Children of want and misery.

And you, ye wealthy few, who glide  
Adown life's fair and silvery tide  
In lightsome barques, which ever run  
Beneath a bright and glorious sun ;  
And you, ye fair, who have this day  
Lent to this cause the purest ray  
Of hope, may heav'n protect your hours,  
And strew your pathway with its flow'rs—  
Bless this your act of charity,  
And guide you o'er life's foamy sea.

And may that hand which rules on high,  
Above this grand immensity,  
Of land and sea, with mighty power,  
Send forth a fair and prosperous shower,  
To bless the hand of him who lays  
This first great stone to future days,  
Which hence will raise a fabric high,  
To stand erect and gloriously  
To heaven, a House of Charity.

---

THE MAID OF JUDAH.

---

The maid of Judah trod the halls  
Where erst her fathers trod ;  
She looked upon that city's walls,  
And raised an eye to God.  
Upon her ruby lips so clear,  
In tender accents hung  
That music of the soul—a prayer,  
By deep affliction strung.

And beauty graced that heavenly maid—  
Her wild impassioned eye,  
That glistened in the twilight shade,  
Called forth a heartfelt sigh ;  
And as she roamed o'er Israel's sod,  
Upon her brow there stood  
The native image of her God—  
The lowly and the good.

But Israel's halls are swept away,  
Her sons neglected now,  
And ruin marks the deep decay  
Of that changed empire's brow.

A Saviour's hand may rescue bring,  
May change that wandering race,  
Each harp resound its sacred string  
O'er Judah's fertile face.

---

OH! HAD I NEVER KNOWN A SORROW.

---

Oh! had I never known a sorrow,  
Had I never shed a tear,  
Could I a ray of sunshine borrow  
From my childhood's scenes so dear;  
This heart, alas! would then be gay,  
These halls with laughter pealing,  
These clouds of sorrow pass away,  
And hushed this saddened feeling.

Oh! but not for me, but not for me,  
Were such joyous moments made,  
For my life has been a dreary sea  
Roamed o'er in the evening shade,  
When the sun hath sunk to his rest  
Down behind the green-clad hill,  
On the ocean's calm sleeping breast  
At the twilight hour so still.

THE UNION-JACK.

---

The Union-Jack is flaunting high,  
The finest banner 'neath the sky,  
That noble flag of all, unfurl'd,  
Is empress of the watery world ;  
On, on she rides in conscious pride,  
Far o'er the blue cerulean tide ;  
Heaven speed thy way along the sea,  
Flag of the dauntless, brave, and free !

Flag of my native land ! whene'er  
I view thy emblem true and fair,  
My English heart, with native pride  
Swells high, and swift life's crimson tide  
Runs through my frame, as still I gaze  
On all which adds to England's praise—  
On all which adds a star or gem  
To her bright jewell'd diadem.

Land of the brave ! fond memory brings  
Remembrance of the brightest things ;  
Of sunny scenes when life was young,  
And elfin boyhood gaily sung,

And danced along thy daisied greens,  
Endear'd and charm'd by woodland scenes,  
By purling streams, and winding vales,  
To which my faithful fancy sails.

The Union-Jack ! where'er it waves,  
The fiercest storm it proudly braves ;  
Whatever sea that banner rides,  
'Tis mistress of the sparkling tides :  
At home—abroad—where'er it goes,  
It speaks of strength to Britain's foes,  
And nobly onward speeds unfurl'd,  
In stern defiance of the world.

Dear flag of hope ! heaven speed thee o'er  
The mighty deep, from shore to shore ;  
Whilst British hearts beat light and free,  
Mayest thou be mistress of the sea,  
And as thou speed'st thy trackless way,  
Go shed the light of freedom's ray ;  
Teach every land, far o'er the wave,  
That Albion's sons are true and brave.

Yes, go far hence, for aye unfurl'd,  
Thou bravest banner in the world ;  
Go teach the serfs of other lands,  
That swords of steel by English hands

Are ever firmly pois'd on high,  
To strike the blow for liberty ;  
That "Britain's sons will ne'er be slaves,"  
And that "Britannia rules the waves."

---

THE HEART AROUND WHICH LOVE HAS  
TWIN'D.

---

The heart around which Love has twin'd  
His withering weeds of sorrow,  
Can ne'er regain that peace of mind,  
From scenes it used to borrow.  
Rays of hope, of gladness, bringing  
Light to banish weary hours ;  
Like bird o'er land and ocean winging—  
Bearing myrtle from its bowers.

Alas ! that heart beats sadly on,  
In airy halls of pleasure ;  
Nor can the light and festive song.  
Reveal its gladsome measure ;  
For oh ! the heart thus exiled, turns  
From scenes of mirth and splendour,  
And looks above for fairer joys  
Than earth can e'er surrender.

## THE RIVAL FLOWERS.

## A FABLE.

THE CROCUS AND THE SNOWDROP.

---

Two flowers of pure and lovely hue  
Together near a mansion grew :  
The one was cast in Beauty's mould,  
Array'd with all the tints of gold ;  
And oft, alone, the dew would sip  
From off dear woman's rosy lip.

The other rear'd its snowy head,  
From out its soft and verdant bed ;  
And I have seen it as a crest  
On woman's alabaster breast :  
And as it kiss'd each rising part,  
A tumult reigned within my heart.

But envy grew ; each could not bear  
To see the other kissing there,  
And drooping on that tender part,  
Which swells and pants above the heart,  
Caress'd and lov'd, as if it were  
A Cupid, made to slumber there.

Those flow'rs I've seen at evening's close,  
When o'er the dale the zephyr rose,  
And blew their petals wide apart,  
As passion rends the human heart —  
And I have thought that I could see,  
Vain man, an emblem unto thee.

---

### REMEMBER ME.

---

When upon the strand  
Of some foreign land,  
    By the calm sea,  
The moonbeams playing  
As thou art straying,  
    Remember me.  
And think of the hours  
We spent in these bowers,  
    Thoughtless and free ;  
Of thy childhood's home,  
As an alien you roam  
    Beyond the sea.

Let Memory bring  
From her secret spring,  
    Sweet moments past :  
Too lovely, too light,  
Too pure, and too bright  
    And fair, to last.  
Whilst Time is weaving  
His veil deceiving  
    To shadow the past,  
Oh ! watch, whilst thou can,  
From thy life's brief span,  
    Joy, ere 'tis past !

When prayers revealing,  
With soul of feeling,  
    On bended knee ;  
Thy every word  
In heav'n being heard,  
    Oh, pray for me :  
Pray to Him, whose hand,  
Outstretched o'er the land,  
    Guides the deep sea ;  
And without whose power,  
Earth, air, life, nor flower,  
    Nor death could be.

---

## THE NAVY AND THE ARMY.

---

"Union is strength."

---

## THE NAVY.

Ye guardians of Old England !  
Ye bulwarks of the seas ;  
Whose Union-jack is floating now,  
In triumph on the breeze ;  
Ye noble mariners, who sail  
In glory o'er the tide,  
Whose iron arms are true and strong,  
Your country's boast and pride ;  
We wish ye health, ye mariners,  
And may ye never be  
Without a compass or a helm,  
To guide you o'er the sea.  
May happiness attend your way  
Along the boundless main,  
And wealth and honor bring you back  
Unto your land again.

Health, ye mariners of England,  
Who plough the raging seas !  
"Whose flag hath brav'd, a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze :"

And may your broad and snowy sails  
From danger float unfurled ;  
And, as ye roam, proclaim this land  
The empress of the world :  
May honor's cause invoke your songs,  
And Freedom's banner ride,  
An emblem of your loyal hearts,  
In glory o'er the tide :  
May victory's wreath your brows entwine,  
And laurel-leaves, the name  
Of this our land emblazon forth  
Upon the scroll of fame.

## THE ARMY.

The soldiery of England !  
And may they ever stand,  
The fearless champions of our rights,  
The heroes of our land !  
May Hope attend them on their way  
Unto the battle-field,  
And Glory bring them back again  
To rest upon each shield.  
But should some proud invading foe  
Set foot upon our land,  
These lion hearts must rise once more,  
With sword and gun in hand.

The soldiery of England  
The loyal and the brave,

Who'll long protect their native land,  
And fight, their Queen to save !  
Who'll rise, whenever duty calls,  
The British flag to raise,  
And fight beneath that banner true,  
Amidst the battle's blaze.  
We wish ye health, ye noble ones !  
And may ye ever stand,  
The brave defenders of our rights,  
The saviours of our land !

---

## STANZAS TO \* \* \* \*

---

If wealth were mine, it should be thine,  
With every other treasure  
This world could give, to make thee live  
A life of mirth and pleasure.  
I would unfold a cloth of gold  
For thee to tread on, dearest,  
And lead thee o'er that golden floor,  
To scenes of joy the fairest ;  
And all should bow to thy bright brow,  
Submissively before thee,  
And thee attend, my queen-like friend,  
For, oh ! I love—adore thee.

And gems of gold of purest mould,  
The richest and the rarest,  
Should braid thy hair, though thou art fair—  
Of all the fair, the fairest ;  
And diamonds bright, should add their light  
Of pure and starry splendour ;  
A cross of gold, with pearls untold,  
Should lustre thee surrender ;  
A ruby crest adorn thy breast—  
A coronet of splendour  
Should deck thy head, and rings should shed  
Light from thy fingers slender.

A silken dress of loveliness—  
Of orange tint and splendour—  
And made with grace, should thee embrace,  
And hold thy waist so slender ;  
A scarf, thrown light, embroidered bright,  
Upon thy shoulders, fairest,  
Should add to thee, if such could be,  
A ray of beauty, dearest ;  
Thy ancles fair, should sandals wear,  
Thy feet, of slippers lightest,  
To tread thee o'er thy golden floor,  
To scenes of bliss the brightest.

And unto thee I would decree  
The greatest worldly treasure,  
That peace should wait thy earthly state,  
Unbounded in its measure ;

That friends should bound thy path around,  
And tend thee as a duty,  
And pay to thee such homage free,  
As well becomes thy beauty ;  
For thou art worth all gems of earth,  
The richest and the rarest.  
May joy and state thy steps await,  
And tend thee, dearest—fairest.

But wealth and power are not my dower,  
So these thou must forego,  
And I'll be thine, thou flower divine,  
In sunshine or in woe ;  
I'll thee attend, my life, my friend,  
In sickness or in health,  
And in thy need, will prove, indeed,  
A treasure more than wealth ;  
And He who made the hill and glade,  
The air, and all things dearest,  
His aid may lend, and prove our friend,  
To guide us onward, fairest.

---

T I M E.

---

I met a child, one summer's day  
Pursuing butterflies midst flow'rs ;  
I called the youth, and questioned him  
Concerning life's brief hours.

But light and empty as the air  
Were all the answers which he gave ;  
He seem'd unconscious that old Time  
Was making him his grave.

Two wicked children, next I met,  
Revelling o'er some new-ploughed sod,  
And words profane rose from the lips,  
And curses to their God !

And near them grew a stately tree ;  
The lightning came and rent the air :  
The tall tree shook, then totter'd down  
Humble and prostrate there.

And so, thought I, the wicked fall—  
Awhile, erect they roam the sod,  
Till lightning comes and bows them down  
In judgment to their God.

I onward went, and met a girl  
    Leaning upon her lover's arm,  
Who smil'd when I addressed her thus :  
    "Has life for thee a charm?"

"Good sir," she said, "I ne'er have known  
    A dark, unhappy moment yet,  
And I can say, I scarce have passed  
    A moment with regret.

I entered next the grey churchyard ;  
    An aged sexton with his spade  
Was digging there, a grave for *one*,  
    Beneath a yew-tree's shade.

He raised a skull, then laid it down  
    Beside a worm, that in some clay  
Was sporting o'er the meal that death  
    Did there before him lay.

I broke the spell—I asked the sire  
    " If Father Time had been that way ?  
And begged of him to tell me how  
    A youth should spend his day ?"

"Time is for the young to improve,"  
    The old man said, and then look'd grave,  
"Time has a scythe that mows down all  
    To an eternal grave."

THE GAMESTER.

---

The Gamester throws the dice ; his glaring eye  
And eagerness to catch the wish'd-for prize,  
His frantic gaze and breathless agony,  
His meagre form, his parched lips, his sighs,  
And shrivell'd hand, which on the table lies  
To grasp the gold on which his heart relies—  
Denote the fearful passion and the unrest,  
Which for ever haunt a Gamester's bleeding breast.

Ye hells on earth, which legislation deems  
Harmless—at least allows uncheck'd to go—  
Where pamper'd *blacklegs* build a thousand schemes,  
To hurl the innocent to shame and woe ;  
Where billiards, rouge-et-noir, are mighty themes,  
And whist, hazard, backgammon, pool, and loo,  
With many other games, raise up a Lord de Roos,  
To feed upon the wealth of a pigeon'd goose.

The fretted halls—the brilliant chandeliers—  
The stuccoed ceilings and the painted walls—  
Stain'd glass—carved mahogany cheffoniers—  
The satin couch with fluted crimson falls—

The glittering mirrors and the rosewood chairs—  
The polished tables and flowing silken palls—  
The ottomans and rich Turkey carpets—spread  
A soft, voluptuous feeling through the head.

The richest arras from the windows cling,  
Decorated with gilded canopy,  
Pillars of many coloured marbles spring,  
In graceful mien before the dazzled eye ;  
Here and there Italian paintings cling,  
Whilst some Grecian statues secretly pry  
From their recesses, fantastically array'd,  
As around you gaze—you view a Grecian maid.

Alone she stands in all her majesty,  
Erect and noble as a fairy queen,  
Inspiring the worn heart with ecstasy,  
And darting sparkling love around the scene,  
Spectatress of the splendid misery  
With which the Gambler's life doth intervene ;  
She stands a modern Venus, with neck as white  
As the purest driven snow, or morning's light.

O'er her fair bosom, loose and fantastic,  
Hangs her flowing, nut-brown curls ; and  
Pressed upon her lips, warm and elastic,  
Are a thousand kisses : and her white hand,

When displayed to youthful eyes susceptible,  
Fill the glad, glowing heart with feelings bland ;  
Whilst her sparkling eyes the light of heaven reveal—  
Light which all the robes of night can ne'er conceal.

Heaps of gold in pyramids are piled ; the  
Tables teem with the glittering ore ; and wine—  
The solace of our weary souls—the free,  
Bright wine, is pour'd, and forms the mighty  
shrine  
At which the thoughtless reveller kneels ; see  
Him pass the golden cup along the line,  
Where toasts are drank to beauty, and pride doth  
bow,  
Servile beneath the bright smile of woman's brow.


Poor sons of revelry ! I envy not  
The riot and the waste which haunt your cells ;  
Ye live awhile, and then, alas ! forgot,  
Slink into your homes where the mean worm  
dwells,  
To sleep, with those who meet the common lot  
Of all that is mortal, in these rude dells,  
Where he, the frail moralist of this weak strain,  
Must wander, when Death's lamp lights him from  
this plain.

THE BRITISH GUN.

---

The British gun has ever stood  
The test of war by field or flood,  
Whilst Albion's sons, with pride and scorn,  
Have nobly led the "hope forlorn,"  
And planted high that flag which rides  
Imperial mistress of the tides.  
That booming cannon raised its voice,  
And made a Briton's heart rejoice,  
And, as he fearless braved the scene,  
Made him exclaim, "Long live the Queen."

Yes, save our Queen! preserve her life  
From every ill, and earthly strife!  
And may her subjects ever be  
United in their LOYALTY.  
May England, Ireland, Scotland, still  
Assert their Lady Sovereign's will;  
Her sailors bold, her soldiers brave,  
Be victors on the land and wave;  
At home, abroad, on every sea,  
Proclaim that "*Britons* will be free."



It was the gun's imperious sound  
Which spread such dire dismay around,  
Midst Britain's foes, when Nelson died  
Victorious, with a hero's pride.  
It was the gun's imperious voice  
Which made our soldiers' hearts rejoice  
At Waterloo, where Wellington  
A wreath of laurell'd glory won ;  
When France her eagled-flag unfurl'd  
And bade defiance to the world.

Then England wav'd upon the seas  
Her lion-banner on the breeze,  
Her snow-white cliffs sent forth her sons,  
In ships of oak, with British guns  
Well charged ; whilst the insulting foe  
Rushed forth to lay our standard low :  
But with our guns we gain'd the day,  
And proud Britannia won the fray,  
And still our flag unsullied rides,  
The mighty empress of the tides.

And may our guns for ever stand  
Erected on our native land :  
Planted on Albion's fertile shore,  
May they send forth their startling roar,  
When honor's cause requires their voice,  
And make a Briton's heart rejoice

With their victorious sound, and raise  
Once more the boast of ancient days—  
That British guns, and hearts of oak,  
Have never quailed at slavery's yoke.

Long may our guns defend our rights,  
Maintain our fame in all our fights,  
Till Britain's foes submissive yield  
To us the trophies of the field.  
Not that we ask for war :—be ours  
A land of peace and blooming flowers—  
A paradise on earth—a clime  
Of Christian love and bliss divine ;  
Whilst commerce spreads her cheering reign  
From pole to pole, from plain to plain.

---

LONG LIFE AND HEALTH TO THEE.

---

As smiles the moon, the gentle sea  
Bears away my bark, love,  
And me, from cherish'd friends and thee,  
And from the land I love.  
But, ere I go, a glass I'll fill,  
And drink a health to thee ;  
This toast shall be thy lover's will—  
“ Long life and joy to thee.”

And when the shore—my native shore!—  
“ Fades o'er the waters blue ”—  
When, plung'd amidst dull ocean's roar,  
Some distant lamp I view ;  
I'll then conclude,—that light by thee  
Was placed to guide my way  
In safety o'er the raging sea,  
From love, and thee away.

Yet not from love!—from thee I go,  
But love, where'er I flee,  
Will follow on, through joy or woe ;  
A guide, a star to me ;

But ere I go, a glass I'll fill,  
And drink a toast to thee ;  
This toast shall be thy lover's will—  
Long life and health to thee.

---

## A P R A Y E R.

---

God of the world, in mercy turn ;  
In mercy hear a sinner mourn ;  
In mercy wipe the falling tear,  
And lift his heart to Thee sincere.

He roams among the haunts of men,  
And fain would find some hallowed glen,  
Some home of peace, some haven fair,  
Sequestered from a world of care.

Then turn, O Lord ! in mercy turn,  
No longer let thy pilgrim mourn ;  
But guard him with a parent's love,  
And guide him to the realms above.

WHERE ARE THE BARDS OF OLD ?  

---

Where are the bards of old, who sung  
Of Britain's high renown ?  
Of valiant deeds by those who sprung  
From glorious Albion's crown ?  
Say are they dead, or sleeping now,  
Cold in their silent graves,  
Beneath some craggy mountain's brow,  
Or far beyond the waves ?

They sleep—but why, in times like these,  
When foul Sedition stalks  
Upon our shore, from o'er the seas,  
Where Treason nightly walks,  
Should minstrels sleep ? Why not arise,  
With dauntless hearts and true,  
To sing 'neath England's sunny skies,  
And twinkling stars of blue ?

Why not arise, in hour of need,  
Ye minstrels of the land,  
For well ye know that song hath freed  
Many an enslaved band ?

Men, enslaved with the thoughts of wrong,  
Might soon be taught to feel,  
By the powerful aid of song,  
Regard for Britain's weal.

Then up, Wordsworth! up, up, and sing  
Strains of your own lov'd land—  
Of the mountain and gushing spring,  
Scenes of your own dear strand—  
Wake your harp in a loyal cause ;  
Appeal to men of old,  
Who obey and respect the laws,  
Of spirit firm and bold.

---

THERE IS A GOD.  

---

There is a God,  
A mighty God,  
At whose all-powerful nod  
The earth would fall !

There is a throne,  
A glorious throne,  
Where God, and God alone,  
E'er reigns supreme !

There is a king,  
A stately king,  
Who bids the whole earth ring  
With praises loud.

There is a God,  
An angry God,  
Who wields a mighty rod  
In heaven above.

There is a power,  
A ruling power,  
Which Nature's meanest flower  
On earth doth feel !

There is a sun,  
A golden sun,  
Whose race is never run,  
Which cheers the heart.

There is a moon,  
A silvery moon,  
Which sheds her light—God's boon  
It is to man.

There is a star,  
A bright blue star,  
Which glitters from afar,  
And lights the earth.

— There is a power,  
A guiding power,  
Shown in each passing hour,  
Which causes death !

There is a heaven,  
A quiet heaven,  
Which to man is given,  
When he is just.

There is a hell,  
A burning hell,  
Where spirits ever dwell,  
To torture man !

There is a race,  
A ferine race,  
The earth's ruin and disgrace,  
God will destroy !

There is an earth,  
A rolling earth,  
A green and fertile earth,  
That yields to God.

There is a God,  
A mighty God,  
An all-powerful God,  
Who watches man.

There is a free  
Unbounded sea,  
Whose surges dashing free,  
E'er breathes of God.

There is a prayer,  
A fervent prayer,  
The heart's desire sincere,  
That speaks with God.

There is a grave,  
A wretched grave,  
A dark, and restless grave,  
Which leads to hell !

There is a grave,  
A lovely grave,  
Where gentle waters lave,  
Which leads to heaven.

There is a God,  
A mighty God,  
Who rules a mystic rod,  
The soul to save.

---

### PLUCK NOT THAT FLOWER.

*Addressed to a child on seeing her pluck a flower hastily from its stem.*

---

Do not pluck that flower, my child,  
For thou couldst not create a flow'ret wild ;  
The tender lily, or the rose,  
The meek daisy or any fair flower that blows.

Then let it live upon the sod,  
Nor raise thy hands, my girl, against thy God :  
God made the flowers of nature free,  
And made them all to live and die like thee.

Yes, let it live and bloom its hour,  
To spread around its charms, and prove God's power ;  
And ne'er again attempt, dear child,  
To destroy thy Maker's flow'rets wild.

## HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE QUEEN.

---

Fill the cup to the Sovereign we serve;  
Here's a health to our country and Queen ;  
And may God in His mercy preserve  
Her in peace, and in temper serene :  
May affliction ne'er darken her way  
Through this vale of probation and strife,  
But sunshine and happiness play  
O'er her walks through this garden of life.  
Then fill the cup to the Sovereign we serve ;  
Here's a health to our country and Queen ;  
And may God in His mercy preserve  
Her in mind, and in temper serene.

In the days of her age yet to come,  
May her offspring around her entwine,  
Like that ivy which clings to its own,  
And the older, the dearer the shrine ;  
For many trees in the forest grown old,  
Are bound by this faithful plant clinging ;  
Which its love for age doth enfold,  
When fresh from the earth it is springing.

Then fill the cup to the Sovereign we serve,  
Here's a health to our country and Queen ;  
And may God in His mercy preserve  
Her in mind, and in temper serene.

May Pleasure fling garlands before her,  
And may Beauty enwreath the sweet flow'rs,  
Whilst her subjects proudly adore her,  
In this fair loyal kingdom of ours.  
Then, "God save the Queen," long may she  
reign,  
Her soldiers be ready to serve her,  
Her sailors ride over the main  
In their "wooden walls" to preserve her.  
Then fill the cup to the Sovereign we serve,  
Here's a health to our country and Queen ;  
And may God in His mercy preserve  
Her in mind, and in temper serene.

---

THE CHILD'S ADDRESS TO ITS FATHER.

---

“ Father, oft I have heard thee say  
There is a bright and happy land,  
Where little children love to play  
Upon its golden sand.

“ Where no angry words are spoken,  
And no frowning looks are given ;  
A sweet rest for spirits broken,  
High above—in heaven.

“ If such a land there be, oh ! guide—  
Oh ! lead my wandering footsteps, where  
I can lave in its crystal tide,  
And breathe its fragrant air.

“ Yes, father, come, we'll roam there now.  
Is it beside yon calm, blue sea,  
Or up yon craggy mountain's brow,  
That fair land of the free ?”

“ My child, that land if thou wouldst reach,  
Thou must attain that boon by prayer ;  
Noting the lore which good men teach,  
Ere thou canst enter there.

“Thou must kneel at God’s shrine by day—  
Worship at his altar by night ;  
Devoutly kneel—devoutly pray  
That thou may’st do aright.”

“Go to the graveyard ; seek yon man,  
The aged sexton, digging there—  
He’ll tell thee much of life’s brief span,  
And yonder realm so fair—

“Where roses bloom, which never fade,  
Where the violet never dies,  
Where lilies deck that garden’s shade,  
Afar—beyond the skies.

“Yes, yes, my child, that land is fair,  
And this, this is the land of gloom—  
And thou, if thou wouldst enter there,  
Must visit first the tomb.”

---

## THE THREE BARDS,

SOUTHEY, MOORE, AND WORDSWORTH.

---

SOUTHEY.

Southey! now thou art dead and gone, I name  
Thy name with reverence, and with respect  
I bow to thy paternal genius. Fame  
Will waft thy deeds on her light wings—defect,  
And change of politics may slur thy name,  
But we will pity thee, and not detect  
Each blemish that wore upon thy injured mind,  
And left thee to the past and the present blind.\*

Peace to thy grave! and may thy ashes rest,  
Silent and undisturbed—may no rude voice  
Call up the past, but in earth's cold breast  
Leave thee to slumber, till thy soul rejoice

\* Soon after his marriage, Southey's mind gave way beneath the continued pressure of literary labour, which, for a period of about forty years, was continued with intensity of application, and not adequately relieved by either bodily exercise or mental relaxation. For the last two or three years his intellect was utterly prostrated and insensible to all external communication.

High in the heav'ns, where seraphim at rest,  
To music raise each undulating voice,  
And all night long unwearied sing and arise  
Inspiring peace and good-will throughout the skies.

## MOORE.

I hail thee, Moore ! thou living soul of song ;  
*Anacreon of the present day*, all hail !  
Laureate of the age ! highest of the throng  
Of bards, whose voice on Erin's balmy gale  
Arose electric ! wake thy lyre ere long,  
As thou wert wont, to some poetic tale  
Of deep romance, whose luring chaplet thou  
Dost wear upon thy intellectual brow.

## WORDSWORTH.

And thou, oh, Wordsworth ! come, thy lyre awake ;  
Be thine the song of loyalty to pour,  
In charming music from thy haunted lake,  
Throughout our land—old England's fertile  
shore—  
And may her glens, and groves, and streamlets,  
take  
The echo of thy words, and evermore  
Repeat them ; and in their wildest sylvan strain,  
May our fancies oft recall the past again.

The past!—I mean the pleasant part, of course—  
That which charm'd our path of life, and which  
brings  
Remembrance of our childhood's hours, with force,  
Back on the wings of time, from crystal springs,  
Whilst Comus comes to banish dark remorse,  
And lead us to a thousand joyous things—  
Unto some fairy-haunted region, where  
Mirth, light, and sunshine, drown the dull hearts'  
despair.

---

SONNET.\*

THE HERO AND HIS HORSE.

---

“ Waterloo revisited, twenty-five years after the battle.”

---

Upon the field the hero stands again,  
Pensive and mute, whilst o'er his brow there  
steals

\* These lines were suggested by seeing an elegant engraving, representing England's renowned warrior, His Grace Field Marshal

Remembrance of the past—of that wide plain,  
Red with the blood of warriors, whose steels  
Clash'd rudely and discordant on the brain,  
Whilst startling cannon rung their deaf'ning  
    peals  
As a loud farewell knell around the slain;  
Which brings to mind, that which to *him*  
    reveals,  
Of past events, a grand and glorious train;  
Whilst near his horse he stands erect, and  
    feels  
Himself the living monarch of that plain  
Whence his fame arose, and which time reveals  
Brighter than the unclouded star, whose smile  
Spreads pure effulgence o'er this sea-girt isle.

the Duke of Wellington, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.H., standing near his favorite steed, upon the plains of Waterloo, surveying the vast expanse in pensive attitude. The desolate appearance of that plain, which, but a few years previous, had presented such a scene of contention and animated glory—the contemplative attitude of its hero—and the recollection of the renown which had been added to British history by that glorious event—gave rise to the above lines, to the theme of which, I have been totally unable to do justice.—M.C.

---

## LOVE, WIT, AND BEAUTY.

---

AIR—" *Oh! the Shamrock.*"

---

As Love one day  
In flow'ry May,  
With Wit and Beauty wander'd,  
Young Love, the sprite,  
To Beauty bright,  
Said "Oh! the time I've squander'd.  
My quiver's low,  
And weak my bow—  
My strength is quickly failing.  
And I'm dying,"  
Said Love, sighing,  
"And Venus now is wailing;  
Make thou my grave,  
Beside yon wave,  
There let me sleep awhile,  
And Heaven above,  
Where all is love,  
Will on the cold earth smile."

But Wit replied,  
As Beauty sigh'd,  
" See, here's a wreath I've made thee;  
Its flowers will twine  
Those brows of thine,  
Whilst hope and mirth enshade thee ;  
Come, take it then,  
And seek the glen,  
Where nut-brown maids are dancing,  
Who'll smile to see  
That Love is free,  
And oh ! the sight entrancing !  
The laurel leaf—  
Immortal wreath !  
Dear Albion's native gem,  
O'er thy pale brow  
Is circling now  
A lovely diadem."

And Beauty threw  
Her mantle, too,  
Around young Love, and bade him  
Go spend his hours  
In Eden bowers,  
Which heaven and earth had made him :  
" And, lo !" she said,  
" Yon dark-eyed maid,  
Upon the green sward dancing—

Tripping lightly—  
Smiling brightly—  
Is for thy smiles advancing.  
Go, meet her, then,  
And dance the glen,  
Hand in hand, and blisses  
Will come to thee  
From o'er the sea,  
Thy path to strew with kisses.  
Then live, young Love,  
And Heaven above  
Thy lips will tinge with kisses."

Then young Love drew  
His wings, and flew  
Far o'er the vales enchanting,  
He plucked a flower  
From Fancy's bower,  
And nought on earth was wanting ;  
Wit's feathers bright  
Shed heavenly light  
Far o'er the woodland gleaming ;  
And woman smiled  
On Love—the child—  
And Friendship's eyes were beaming  
With light that shone  
Like sapphire stone,  
Or diamond sparkling bright ;

That Love revived  
And long survived  
To shoot his arrows light.  
And still he dwells  
In mystic cells  
And shoots his arrows light.

---

## L I N E S.

---

Oh! envy not a poet's fame  
The laurel-wreath which binds his name—  
'Tis dearly earn'd, the *gems* of thought,  
Like dived-for pearls, that wreath have wrought.  
His days, his nights, his health's bright crown,  
Were spent, to gain a bard's renown.

Then let him wear it—let it shed  
A ray of glory o'er his head,  
And when he dies, that garland wave  
In honour o'er his lonely grave.  
Then envy not the poet's fame  
The laurel-wreath which binds his name.

## LINES

In answer to a beautiful Poem, entitled the "Soul of Song," by Miss Pardoe,  
Authoress of the "City of the Sultan," &c.

---

Oh! do not say the soul of song  
Is from thy bosom fled;  
'Twill wake again, perhaps ere long,  
The tones we lov'd, now dead;  
Thy harp shall yet resound again  
Its music in a higher strain.

"There was a time," I hear thee say,  
"When high my spirit swell'd,  
And from its fresh and fervent springs  
The tide of music well'd:"  
And may that time, with silken wing,  
Soon waft to thee a brighter spring!

I do not ask, I do not ask  
For lighter strains than thine;  
Though sad thy verse, its every chord  
Is touch'd at music's shrine—  
Minerva's force, Apollo's air,  
Euterpes' charm, are ever there.

With thee I feel, with thee deplore  
The world is not for song—  
That “many a pang unknown, unguess’d,  
Doth to the lyre belong”—  
That many a feeling, meant to bless,  
Doth falsely yield us wretchedness.

From girlhood up, then, thou hast lov’d  
“The spell of poesie,”  
And soul of thought, in flow of verse,  
Is given unto thee :  
Then wake thy harp, its silver strings  
May call back long-forgotten things.

“The soul of song,” “the soul of song !”  
Be thine the power to pour  
To thy degenerate country long ;  
And may she wake once more  
To sense of right, to sense of wrong,  
And hail again “the soul of song !”

---

AS THE BREEZE FANS OUR NOBLE BARK.

---

As the breeze fans our noble bark,  
And fills each snowy sail,  
Along the waste of waters dark  
We wand'ers plough the briny vale.  
Lo ! Cynthia fades ; the bursting skies  
Reveal us heavenly light ;  
But brighter far were those bright eyes  
We left at home to-night.

Then fill the glasses, boys, and drink  
To those dear girls at home ;  
And may we never cease to think  
Of them, where'er we roam ;  
And may they share our secret bliss,  
In Albion's fertile bowers,  
And send to us a wreath like this,  
Of beauty's choicest flowers.

As, then, our gallant ship speeds on  
To foreign lands afar,  
Though from the smile of beauty gone,  
We'll gaze on each bright star :

And should the light those stars reveal,  
Remind us of the eyes  
Of those we've left behind, we'll kneel  
Before those starry skies.


---

### THE WIDOW.

---

Oh! softly, softly, let the tear  
Roll down thy cheek, and let the sigh  
Which rises o'er thy husband's bier,  
Be unto death a calm reply ;  
And mourn the loss of one so dear,  
So noble, and so fair,  
Though all are frail and mortal here,  
And doomed to taste of care.

Oh! softly, softly, let the tear  
Of deep devotion from thee roll.  
'Twill kindle on thy husband's bier,  
And light the lamp which warm'd his soul.  
'Twill soothe thy heart, and lull from care,  
And make thy moments glide,  
Far, far away from wild despair,  
Along a tranquil tide.



DEAR WOMAN.  

---

Come pledge the toast, and fill the glass,  
Send round the sparkling wine ;  
This night, at least, in mirth we'll pass,  
And pour our vows at Beauty's shrine—  
At Beauty's shrine, where oft we've knelt,  
Where twinkling eyes have given  
The joys we feel, the bliss we felt,  
Foretaste of Love from heaven.

Then drink this toast,  
Our country's boast,  
Our nation's honour and our pride—

Dear Woman !  
And may she long  
Be nam'd in song,  
Which but for her had died—  
With three times three !  
With three times three !  
We toast her now, my boys !  
Hand round the glass,  
And let it pass ;  
And may she ne'er  
Be bow'd with care,  
But e'er abound in joys—  
Dear Woman !

When Adam dwelt in paradise  
He roamed a lonely man ;  
He raised a pray'r which reached the skies,  
And then the *race* began.  
Dear Woman came enwreathed with smiles,  
With sparkling starry eyes,  
With witching looks, with wanton wiles,  
With soothing words and sighs.  
Then drink this toast,  
Our country's boast,  
Our nation's honour and our pride—  
Dear Woman !  
And may she long  
Be named in song,  
Which but for her had died—  
With three times three !  
With three times three !  
We toast her now, my boys !  
Hand round the glass,  
And let it pass ;  
And may she ne'er  
Be bow'd with care,  
But e'er abound with joys—  
Dear Woman !

---

SONG TO THE DEEP.

---

Hurrah to the wave! the boiling wave!  
The white and the noisy foam!  
For there are we, the sons of the sea,  
All free on our sparkling home;  
'Midst the deaf'ning crash, and hollow splash,  
As impell'd o'er the stormy deep  
By the wind and tide, we proudly ride  
O'er the beds where monsters sleep.

Oh! then could we those monsters be,  
Treasures we'd bring to our board;  
Our wealth should be the gems of the sea,  
The best the deep could afford;  
And pearls should adorn life's future morn,  
And diamonds sparkling bright,  
And gold we'd bring, enough for a king,  
Rubies and amethysts light;

And a crystal should lend its smile to blend,  
Or to vie with each sparkling gem;  
And add to the scene a wreath for our Queen—  
For her brows a fair diadem.

Then sing with me, hurrah to the sea !  
Success to our friends at home !  
May the life we lead yet still succeed,  
As over the deep we roam.

The whale may be the king of the sea,  
The shark his teeth may gnash,  
And dolphins fly, 'neath the golden sky,  
In pride through the surgy splash ;  
But on we ride, in glory and pride,  
Far over the boiling deep,  
Our hearts as free as the prancing sea,  
Where monsters revel and sleep.

A merry tar gives a loud huzza !  
As he climbs the bending mast,  
Whilst the vessel flies, 'neath sunny skies,  
O'er the briny ocean fast ;  
And old England's flag doth gaily wag  
Defiance to every foe ;  
And the sailor boy looks down with joy  
On the sparkling waves below.

Our voyage is long, our hearts are strong,  
Then welcome the salt blue wave ;  
We fear not its frown, when Sol goes down  
To light on some lonely grave ;

For grog goes round to a merry sound,  
We drink to the girls we love,  
Then retire to rest, on ocean's breast,  
With pray'rs to the God above.

---

### MEMORY.

---

Oh ! when the heart, bowed down with sadness,  
Dreams of hope and early days,  
Then comes the smile of youth and gladness,  
And around its sorrow plays :  
All tears and griefs are banished then  
By memory's healing balm,  
The storms of passion rising then,  
At once are hushed and calm.

Thus clouds o'erhang the midnight sky,  
Then comes the morning beaming,  
And the murky clouds away they fly,  
For light and hope are gleaming—  
Radiant hope of brighter days.  
And silvery light of love,  
Which round the broken spirit plays,  
To guide it safe above.


WILD HARP OF THE MOUNTAIN.

---

Wild harp of the mountain,  
Thy musical tone  
That sighed with the fountain  
Is silent and gone ;  
But the notes of thy wires,  
The songs of thy love,  
In the halls of my sires  
Is still heard above.

Oh ! the light breezes play  
In the shady bowers,  
At the close of the day,  
Amidst fragrant flowers,  
Where the silvery stream  
Laves silently by,  
Like a seraph's bright dream,  
Or dear woman's eye.

Wild harp of the mountain,  
Resume then again  
Thy songs by the fountain—  
Thy tenderest strain ;



For my heart it is sere,  
And sighs for the tone  
Of thy music so dear  
To me, when alone.

---

SMILE ON.

---

Smile on, smile on, ye thoughtless, smile ;  
The rays your eyes surrender,  
May light the cold, dull earth awhile,  
With pure and starry splendour.  
Then smile, for soon a world of woe  
Will change your joyous dreaming ;  
And now, where mirth is seen to flow,  
Hot tears will then be streaming.

Smile on, ye young and happy few,  
Who tread life's festive measure ;  
A path of joy is made for you—  
A round of mirth and pleasure.  
Then lightly roam your airy isles,  
Of hills and vales enchanting ;  
For ah ! too soon shall joyous smiles,  
And love on earth, be wanting.

GREECE.\*

---

I love thee, Greece, for thou hast long  
Been a theme for many a song,  
But not for that I love thee— no,  
But for thy dark and potent woe;  
And, would I had the power to dart  
An arrow to thy tyrant's heart.

Thy isles are fair ; their every spring  
For liberty doth loudly sing.  
And may she deign to grace thy halls,  
Thy ruin'd towers and castle walls ;  
For thou hast dwelt, alas ! too long  
Beneath the despot's bloody thong.

Admiring nations gaze on thee,  
Land of bright skies ! and wish thee free ;  
Where Sappho sung, in days of yore,  
The burning songs she lov'd to pour,

\* These lines were written previous to the late glorious struggle in this country for its independence—an independence for which the late Lord Byron so nobly devoted his time and ability, and for which H.R.H. Prince George of Cambridge, and Mr. Emerson Tennant have sacrificed so much personal attention.

Of love—that high and mighty theme  
Which ever builds a poet's dream.

Thy spirit sleeps, but not for long ;—  
Perchance some wild, heroic song  
May wound thy pride, and rouse thine ire  
To light a blaze of brilliant fire  
Throughout thy once-fam'd classic isles,  
Degenerate now, 'midst beauty's smiles.

'Midst beauty's smiles ; the young, the fair,  
The bright-eyed maids who wander there,  
Girls of my heart, I love to see  
Your tresses flowing light and free,  
Fanned by the fragrant gale which blows  
Eternal summer o'er thy woes.

Maids of Greece, as ye dance along  
Through pleasure's mazy, festive throng,  
Or linger in your verdant bowers,  
To drink the cool, refreshing showers,  
Awake your lyres and sing the wrongs  
Of fertile Greece, in all your songs.

And as ye wander hand in hand  
Over the pebbles of the strand,  
With him who loves and thinks of thee,  
Gazing upon the boundless sea—  
Breathe thou a pray'r, a wish, a sigh,  
That time may change thy destiny.

The noble Cadmus gave to thee  
Letters, to grace the bold and free ;  
And art and science, hand in hand,  
Together rose to greet thy land,  
When thou wert young and Greeks were brave,  
Nor crouched unto a Turkish knave.

Trust not the Franks—ah no!—for they  
Will make thee, Greece, their fatal prey ;  
But trust thy strength to sword and shield,  
And nobly venture on the field ;  
Assert that Greece no more will bow  
Beneath a tyrant's burning brow.

For Greece is a land praukt with flowers—  
Greece is a land of golden showers—  
Greece is a land where beauty reigns  
Upon her fair and smiling plains ;  
Then, why are her sons neglected, wild,  
When Nature's God hath on them smil'd ?

Greece is a land where sunshine flings  
Its halo o'er her minstrel's strings—  
Warms his cold harp, and bids his strain  
Go echo forth in joy again,  
Pouring around his classic shore  
The happy tones she gave before.

The Phyrhic dance may rise again  
Unto its native island strain ;  
On Parga's coast thy name be sung  
By many a warm and votive tongue.  
Then pass around the Samian wine—  
Anacreon's songs are yet divine.

Yes, pass the Samian cup, and we  
Will drink the new Thermopylæ,  
A health to Greece, and may she long  
Be a theme for poetic song,  
Her bonds be burst, her name be sung  
As Freedom's isle, by every tongue.

---

## THE DRUM.

---

"I hate that drum's discordant sound,  
Parading round, and round, and round ;  
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,  
And lures from cities and from fields,  
To sell their liberty for charms  
Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms."—  
SCOTT.

---

I love the loud and martial sound  
Of drums "parading round, and round ;"  
It talks to me of honors won,  
Of gallant deeds by warriors done ;  
Defended rights, and bitted steeds,  
On which the hero proudly speeds,  
And bears his sword and banner high,  
Asserting strength and liberty ;—  
Of true and watchful sentinel,  
Who lifts his voice in loud "All's well ;"—  
Of cities sieged—of walls ascended—  
Of camps—of courts and thrones defended.

Of these they speak, and other things  
From whence a soldier's glory springs ;—  
Of crested knights, who ride the field,  
And poise on high the glittering shield ;—

Of Britain's valiant sons, who pour  
Their glorious deeds from shore to shore ;  
And venture forth to save their land  
From many a wild and lawless band ;—  
Of grand parades, reviews, and praise  
From those who hold their country's bays ;—  
For these I love the martial sound  
Of drums, “ parading round, and round.”

---

## LINES

FOR THE FRONTISPIECE OF AN ALBUM.

---

Perhaps this book of varied theme  
May guile an hour or so ;  
For here are penned by those we love  
Both tales of joy and woe.

Oh! then, peruse it oft, and think  
That in an album's pages  
Perchance may sometimes lie the lore  
And wisdom of the sages.

## CHILDREN IN THE CHURCHYARD.

---

Children in a churchyard, playing  
Above some new-made graves ;  
Happy, gay, light, and fair—  
Free as the bounding hare,  
Or the sparkling waves.

They danc'd along, poor thoughtless things!  
Midst daisies o'er the sod,  
Treading down the grave-flowers  
Nurtur'd by the fresh showers,  
And the hands of God.

And little thought that Father Time  
Was stealing o'er their dream,  
And bearing them to age,  
O'er life's eventful stage,  
Unto death's dark stream.

Poor thoughtless things, why should they know  
The end of all that's dear ?  
Why not their brief course run  
Beneath eternal sun,  
'Midst scenery fair ?

'Twas thus I thought, as sad I gaz'd  
Upon those playful things ;  
And wandered back again  
To childhood's happy reign,  
On Memory's wings.

---

### N I G H T.

---

The heavens—how bright with glittering stars !  
How grand the spangled frame !  
The firmament which shines above  
Fair Nature's wide domain !  
The rolling clouds, the silv'ry moon,  
The far-off cloud-capp'd hills,  
O'er which the God of Nature sits,  
And guides the living rills.

All, all is peace—'tis silence all ;  
No breath of air awakes  
A ripple on the trackless deep—  
A murmur on the lakes ;  
For sleep, that gently-soothing balm,  
Enwraps her mortals here ;  
And makes this earth awhile to seem  
A seraph's holy sphere.


THE MAID OF RICHMOND HILL.  

---

The guests were met, the dance was set,  
The air was lightly play'd ;  
When danced along that giddy throng  
A young and lovely maid ;  
A wreath she wore as ne'er before  
By human eyes was seen,  
Of choicest flowers from Nature's bowers,  
Array'd with emeralds green.

Her winning grace, her smiling face,  
Her forehead high and fair,  
As light she danc'd, the soul entranced  
Of all who linger'd there ;  
For like a fawn o'er Nature's lawn  
That maiden danced along,  
Her graceful mien, her eyes of sheen,  
The pride of all the throng.

O'er many a spot it is my lot  
In distant climes to roam ;  
O'er burning sands in foreign lands,  
From those I love at home ;



But yet, where'er I wander, there  
My fancy's haunted still  
With that fair face of youthful grace—  
The Maid of Richmond Hill.

---

### THE ENGLISH LADY.

---

Let others talk of foreign climes—  
Of Athens' smiling lasses—  
They never view their native climes,  
But through delusive glasses ;  
For I have seen the Maid of beauty—  
A smiling English lassie—  
With eyes so blue, and looks so pretty,  
And lips so red and glassy.

Others boast of Scottish ladies,  
And call them bonnie lasses,  
But more dear to me the maid is,  
Who all these girls surpasses ;  
Who, in every feature, form, and mind  
On earth, an heav'nly maid is,  
With warm heart, so open, brave, and kind,  
This flow'r of English ladies.

THE CHILD, THE TELESCOPE, AND THE  
PLANET.

---

'Twas autumn's eve ; and cool and bright :  
A telescope erected stood  
Upon a hill, where girls and boys  
Did congregate in happy mood.

For to them, proud philosophy  
Was to teach astronomic lore,  
And lay before their wondering eyes  
The things they ne'er had seen before.

Amongst them stood a little girl,  
Her sparkling eyes were clear and blue ;  
And as she gazed upon that group,  
Then on the starry heavens in view,

She asked, in pure simplicity  
Of childhood's heart, in childish glee,  
What that strange-looking instrument,  
Which stood upon the hill, could be ?

An aged man, who lingered near  
That bright and blue-eyed, laughing child,  
Took her soft hand and led her forth,  
Whilst all the stars upon them smiled.

He raised the telescope, then placed  
It to her young observing eye,  
And through this "tube of mighty power"  
She saw a planet in the sky.

Oh! "powers above!" amazed she stood!  
And then to the old man turning,  
A lesson hung upon her face,  
Worth philosophic learning—

Worth all the lore which sages teach,  
Or from the sable pulpit given:  
For it was gratitude to Him  
Who made the earth, air, sea, and heaven.

'Twas love—'twas pure and potent love,  
That from her warm heart went stealing  
To Him who sent her dawning light,  
And bright intellectual feeling.

And, as she gazed upon the stars,  
Which twinkled brightly on the sky,  
She sought her young companions all,  
To live on earth as they would die.

"For there is One," in truth she said,  
"Who will our friend and father be;  
He built the world, He made the sky,  
And reigns through all eternity.

“ He watches all created things ;  
His are the wide sea and mountains :  
The largest tree, the smallest worm,  
And the gushing, sparkling fountains.”

See, thus a telescope has taught  
That child the way to Wisdom's shrine,  
Where, when her pilgrimage was o'er,  
She knelt, and read of Truth divine.

---

#### OUR NATIVE SONG.

---

The harp that sounded loud and gay,  
In England's ancient halls,  
In sorrow long hath pass'd away  
From those baronial walls ;  
And few there are who hail the song  
Which native minstrels give :—  
Our country's harp—our native song—  
In pride no longer live.

But why, oh ! wherefore have they fled—  
The harp and songs of old ?  
Whose tones such light and gladness shed,  
O'er regions dark and cold.

Our native song—our native song,  
Oh ! yet return again ;  
And wake the land thou'st left so long,  
With thy melodious strain.

---

G L E E .

---

Dance away, dance away,  
And merrily, cheerily sing,  
For life's a cloudy day  
That flies on a darksome wing ;  
Then under the bough,  
The mistletoe bough,  
With me come dance and sing.

Dance away, dance away,  
Lightly skip it, lightly skip it,  
Far away, far away,  
O'er the valleys we will trip it ;  
And under the bough,  
The mistletoe bough,  
Gaily, gaily skip it.

OUR BONNIE BARK IS HOMEWARD BOUND.

---

Our bonnie bark is homeward bound,  
The skies are clear above us,  
So here's a health to those we love,  
And unto those who love us.  
Then steer us forth, my gallant tar,  
Our native land's before us,  
Its snow-white cliffs are seen afar,  
And heav'n is smiling o'er us.

On, on, my bark—still onward speed,  
For anxious hearts await thee ;  
And eyes are strain'd to view thy form  
Ride in safety o'er the sea.  
For thou art dear, my bonnie bark,  
To faithful friends and lovers,  
And many a pray'r is raised for thee,  
By sisters, sires, and brothers.

Our bonnie bark is homeward bound,  
And well—right well, she knows it,  
For, of all the ships which sail the sea,  
The surf aside she throws it ;

And spurns to creep along the deep,  
But dashes onward ever,  
O'er mountains watery, wild, and steep,  
And fears the billows, never.

---

## S T A N Z A S.

---

Oh ! grant to me the rural cot,  
And days of peace shall crown my lot ;  
I love to lead the rustic maid  
Far in the world's retired shade—  
In merry dance, 'mid jocund song,  
To skip with her the hours along ;  
Then earthly care, and mortal strife,  
Are vanish'd from this world of life.

Maid of heaven, though maid of earth,  
Those eyes of thine have given birth  
To thoughts that well might wake the soul,  
And bid it drink from out the bowl,  
Where fancy loves to toss on high,  
Throwing around, most merrily,  
The songs of love, the songs of glee—  
The rural cot was made for me.

## OH! GIVE ME BACK THE BRIDAL RING!

---

Oh! give me back the bridal ring!—  
The sacred vow is broken ;  
And in my heart there lurks a sting—  
Of blighted love the token ;  
Of health and hope departing fast—  
Of smiles to sorrow turning—  
Of joys, too fair, too bright to last,  
To shame and woe returning.

Oh! give me back the bridal ring!  
And we will part for ever ;  
And to the boundless deep I'll spring,  
From Albion's isle to sever ;  
But still I'll think of those behind,  
Whose smiles have often cheer'd me ;—  
Throughout the storm and howling wind—  
Of kindness that endeared me.

Why didst thou thus deceive the heart  
Of him who lov'd thee dearly?  
Why didst thou thus a pang impart  
To him who grieves sincerely?

But give me back the bridal ring—  
The sacred vow is broken ;  
And in my heart there lurks a sting,  
Of blighted love the token.

---

LIKE ÆOLIAN MUSIC.

---

Like Æolian music sounding  
Softly breathing songs of love,  
Through the choral states resounding.  
From the choral shades above ;  
I felt the gentle zephyrs play,  
Sighing softly through the trees,  
And wafting all my cares away,  
With its sweet melodies.

Like Æolian music sounding  
O'er the rippling crystal deep ;  
Dark and mournful thoughts revealing,  
Lulling nature fast asleep ;  
Waking tears in every eye—  
Cradling Cynthia in her car—  
Reviving thoughts of days gone by,  
Sweet Zephyr sings afar.

## P O V E R T Y.

Oh, God! it is, indeed, an awful thing  
To see a lonely widow and her child—  
A fair-hair'd, blue-eyed girl, just like the spring  
Emerging forth in beauty undefiled,  
And roaming like a bird on pliant wing  
In gaiety through life's cheerless wild—  
On whom fair affluence once has smil'd, but now  
On whom stern, rugged Poverty knits her brow ;

Or an orphan, desolate and unknown,  
Contending with the world's relentless strife,  
With none to guide the weary pilgrim home,  
Or light him from the snares which compass  
life ;  
Or save from utter ruin, and the groan  
With which poor human nature is so rife,  
Or from temptation's power the orphan child  
To lead away unto some fair valley mild.

The beggary around us, and the sin  
Of man—the sordid, grasping human form,

Who crawls through deep mire, whether thick or  
thin,  
To court his richer brother reptile worm,  
And thinks it not a particle of sin  
For glittering gold to barter human form—  
That form which God created to till the land,  
In His own symmetry, beautiful and grand :

The din of cities, where the midnight strife  
Of dissipation and debauchery yields  
A thousand agonizing pangs to life,  
In after hours, when reflection reveals  
The horrors of the past, sad shadows rife  
With empty joy of tinsel-garb, that seals  
The fate of those who walk the rough paths of vice,  
By folly borne o'er the tide of avarice.

Oh ! let us linger in these scenes of woe,  
And roam the dark haunts of a wretched race  
Of worn-out victims of Poverty—foe  
And destroyer of health, and beauty's face :  
Visit the hut of misery so low,  
The death-bed, where Desolation waves her wand,  
And pale Disease proudly lifts her skinny hand.

The sons of toil, who plough for bread, but fail  
To feed from off the dish whence *idlers* dine,

Whose is the labour, mingled with the gale,  
And the mighty hands of the All-Divine,  
Who said, "Let there be light, which ne'er shall  
fail,"

And bade chaotic darkness brightly shine  
Into a splendid mass of created things,  
Who breath'd the Æolian air which sweetly sings.

Theirs are the hands, theirs are the toils which  
bring  
Grist to the mill for millocrats to grind ;  
They are the source from whence our comforts  
spring ;  
In them the treasures of the world we find ;  
Then, why does not the goddess Plenty fling  
Her garlands o'er their care-worn brows, and  
bind  
With their dark fates, the rewards which toil and time  
Should ever meet in every Christian clime.

- - - - -

THE DYING WARRIOR TO HIS SON.  

---

Haste to the field,  
Thy sword and shield  
Lift high,  
And boldly fight  
For England's right,  
Or die.

To din array  
Of battle fray  
Ne'er yield ;  
But bravely on  
Till Britain's won  
The field.

Then 'mid the brave  
Thy banner wave,  
And rest  
Upon thy bays,  
For future days  
Caress'd.

H O M E .

---

Home!—where is the soldier's home? 'Tis not where  
The peaceful valley's breath, and songs of love,  
Æolian-like, upon the balmy air,  
Arise from earth, to yon fair clime above,  
Where angels smile, and soothe the heart's despair;  
And dreams of hope and everlasting love,  
Proclaim their seraphic joys to all who soar  
From this rude clime unto that fair fertile shore.

Home!—Talk not to the soldier of the joys  
Which dwell with happy childhood's early home;  
Of scenes enjoy'd by thoughtless girls and boys,  
Who linger near the rippling streamlet's foam;  
Of winding lanes, of farms, of rustic joys,  
Of shady groves, where sportive lovers roam  
In secret, hand in hand, in half-frantic bliss,  
Half bold, and yet, half afraid to steal a kiss.

The soldier's home is on the battle plain—  
The field of blood and the field of glory;  
Amid the din of dying and the slain,  
The hero expiring, tells his story,

Of those he loves, and ne'er may see again ;  
    Whilst his hair matted, and his face gory,  
His cold hand extended on his heaving breast,  
Announce the tired pilgrim, near his long last rest.

So much for glory, and a dying name,  
    The cold applause of those who dwell at ease ;  
The boast of chivalry—rewards that fame  
    Wafts o'er some thousand miles of trackless seas.  
So much for glory dearly earned—a name  
    That time, ere long, will sweep before the breeze,  
To raise another to its exalted state—  
A victim, to droop, and die the self-same fate.

---

### THE POET'S GRAVE.

---

There is a place, where willows weep,  
    A wild romantic cave,  
Where mournful dirges nightly creep  
    Around a poet's grave.

The lily decks that humble spot,  
The violet there is seen,  
And there, the wild "Forget-me-not"  
Blooms fresh and fair, I ween.

The silver moon, and stars above,  
Smile on that sacred place :  
Sweet harbingers of peace and love,  
To all the human race.

And often in the stilly night,  
A maid with raven hair,  
Reflected by the pale moonlight,  
Is seen to linger there.

She prays—her prayer is breathed above,  
To Him who rules the sky—  
Who spreads His universal love  
Through all eternity.

To every clime, through boundless space,  
Our Saviour's love is sent,  
To lead a sinful, erring race  
To realms of blest content.

A poet's grave—a poet's grave,  
It is a sacred spot,  
For there the crystal waters lave  
The wild "Forget-me-not!"

And music lends its magic aid  
To those who linger here,  
For softly stealing through the glade,  
It falls upon the ear.

And on the consecrated ground  
There stand a kindred few,  
Whose tears, fast falling to the ground,  
Commingle with the dew.

Whilst those who frown'd in former days,  
On all the poet did,  
Will offer now the meed of praise  
Above his coffin-lid.

And many a maid will weep upon  
His cold and silent bed—  
Will mourn the spirit hush'd and gone,  
And numbered with the dead.

A poet's grave—a poet's grave,  
Where breezes murmur free :  
Such is the resting-place, I crave  
My long, last home to be.

---

## B O Y H O O D.

As oft to boyhood back I steal,  
On faithful memory's wings,  
A thousand hidden springs reveal  
A host of happy things ;  
The guileless heart, the bounding glee,  
Of childhood's playful hours,  
Come rushing back with force to me,  
And wreathe my brows with flow'rs.

The festal pomp—the midnight bowl—  
The mazy dance—the song—  
Awhile, perchance, may charm the soul ;  
But feelings, fresh and strong,  
Recur to childhood's thoughtless days,  
On fancy's airy wings,  
When Youth and Beauty in their blaze,  
Were made of joyous things.

Then bring to me those early hours,  
When light I danced and sung,  
And, in my father's halls and bowers,  
In health and freedom sprung,

Unconscious that the passing hour  
Would shade with heavy wing,  
And blight, alas! the blooming flow'r  
Of hope's emerging spring!

---

AS NEAR THE SHORE OUR GALLANT BARK.

---

As near the shore our gallant bark  
Spreads each snowy sail,  
Unconscious that the lightning's spark  
Foretels a fearful gale;  
What thoughts arise in every heart!  
Of home—of those we love;  
Of those from whom we griev'd to part,  
Who wept to see us rove!

And should they learn, in after time,  
Our fate—they'll weep again;  
They'll hear that prayers to One sublime,  
Were urged alas! in vain—  
That cold despair came o'er each heart  
Of those who once were brave—  
That we with life were fain to part,  
And found a watery grave!

OUR NATIVE HILLS.

---

Our native hills ! our native hills !  
Where once our footsteps bounded ;  
Our native hills ! our native hills !  
Where rustic music sounded—  
Where once—ere age and sorrow came  
To darken the sad path we roam—  
We danced, unconscious of proud fame,  
In the haunts of our boyhood's home.

Our native hills ! our native hills !  
Whence the merry lark ascends ;  
Our native hills ! our native hills !  
Where dwelt our dear absent friends ;  
The friends we lov'd—who, by our side,  
In communion of thought have stray'd,  
Watching with us the sparkling tide,  
From its banks with flow'rs arrayed.

Our native hills ! our native hills !  
"To song, to feeling true ;"  
Our native hills ! our native hills !  
Across the ocean blue :

Bulwarks of Britain ! there ye rise,  
Proudly towering o'er the sea,  
Towards the blue ethereal skies,  
And unto all eternity.

Our native hills ! our native hills !  
Oh ! would to God we were there !  
Amidst the gushing of their rills,  
And amidst their scenery fair,  
As once we were—then might we roam,  
Ay, as innocent and as free  
As when, in our forefathers' home,  
We bounded England's sunny lea.

---

### I MUST NOT LOVE.

---

I must not love—but why this change,  
This fatal change, since youth ?  
For I might love in early days,  
With fervour and with truth.

I must not love—this world denies  
That sacred boon to me :  
Fierce are the storms, and dark the skies,  
And angry is the sea.

I must not love—for her I love  
I would not have to know  
The form of dark corroding care—  
A single tear, or woe.

I must not love—for I have lov'd—  
Alas ! have lov'd too long ;  
And felt the deep and potent grief  
Which echoes in my song.

I must not love—the day's gone by  
Of love and joy for me,  
When radiant shone the clear blue sky,  
And sparkling was the sea.

I must not love—these eyes are sere—  
Too sad with silent grief—  
Too dry to yield a single tear  
Wherewith to find relief.

I must not love—the pure sunshine  
Of early youth has pass'd ;  
Those golden days, when Hope divine  
Shone fair—too fair to last.

I must not love !—Adieu, adieu !  
This is my last sad vow ;  
Oh ! none can know what I have felt—  
The pangs which I feel now.

LAND OF FLOWERS.

---

Give me the land where flow'rets bloom,  
For I love all things free ;  
The cold restraint, and fettered doom,  
Were never made for me :  
Thus childhood, in its sunny hours,  
Dancing the uplands green,  
Plucking from earth God's new-made flow'rs,  
Reminds me what I've been.

Oh ! then, could I again once roam  
Unto the scenes of yore,  
Back to my boyhood's home,  
As I have done before ;  
Dancing the green turf, and singing  
The songs we used to sing,  
Whilst the merry bells were ringing  
Unto the balmy spring.

What would I not give ? all that's mine  
I would most gladly yield,  
If I could but kneel at that shrine,  
And dance fair childhood's field ;

But, as I cannot, I will soar  
On memory's silken wings,  
Back unto that flowery shore,  
Made of such joyous things.

---

## ROMANCE.

---

In fairest hours of beauty's dream  
Our early childhood pass'd away ;  
And memory wakes again the theme  
That else with time would soon decay.  
The silent glen, the forest wild,  
The clear, blue winding stream,  
The garb of nature undefiled,  
Call forth, once more, that early dream.

By cheering hope, in beauty's dream,  
How many pass a vacant hour,  
When all is bright, and all doth seem  
As if 'twere touch'd with fairy pow'r !  
From earth, exalted thoughts arise,  
To taste in heav'n a transient bliss ;  
Exulting joy !—one sip—it dies—  
Then sinks into a world like this.

## LINES

ON SEEING THE PORTRAIT OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

---

There was a soft bewitching grace  
That wandered o'er that maiden's face,  
And from her eyes' expressive blue,  
Some magic glances forth she threw ;  
And on her lips of ruby hung  
Imagined accents from the tongue ;  
She seem'd to speak, and seem'd to say,  
" My life has been a happy day,  
A round of pleasure, joy, and mirth,  
A fairy scene of heaven on earth."

Those dimpled cheeks and eyes of blue,  
Those lips of red, expansive hue,  
Those flowing curls thy neck that grace,  
And wanton o'er thy lovely face ;  
That kiss thy brows and forehead fair,  
In sportive mood, and revel there ;  
Against the heart and soul conspire  
To raise a feeling of desire  
That thou wert life, and moving here  
Among us in this earthly sphere.

But oh ! we will that wish forego,  
We will not wish thee in a world of woe ;  
'Twere selfish, wrong—indeed, 'twere vain,  
To wish thee back on earth again.

Then rest thee where thou art, and be  
A seraph to eternity ;  
And as thy lovely form we view,  
Of sparkling grace and “cherry mou,”  
We'll bless that art—the painter's skill—  
Which brings to life the dead, at will.

---

### A WISH.

---

I do not crave excessive wealth :  
A little gold, and strength and health,  
A mind content, and spirit gay,  
With Christian love—to pass away  
The hours of life—are all I ask ;  
And had I these, I then would bask  
In pleasure's maze, from day to day,  
Beneath the sun's effulgent ray.

## WE'LL MEET IN PRAYER.

FROM A YOUNG LADY.

How vain—how vain the tears we weep !  
The lonely heart is lonely still ;  
But, prayers have wings to cross the deep,  
Where fails the strength of human will.

We'll meet in prayer, at morn and even',  
If ne'er on earth our meeting be ;  
Oh ! there will be no tears in heaven,  
There I shall never part from thee.

---

L I N E S

IN ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

---

“ We'll meet in prayer”—perchance again  
On earth, my dear, we'll meet ;  
But, until then, we'll breathe our prayers  
In accents mild and sweet.

“ We'll meet in prayer” by day and night ;  
Though far away from thee,  
I'll kneel before our Maker's throne,  
Dear girl, and pray for thee.

“ We’ll meet in prayer” at silent hour,  
In every clime we roam ;  
For prayer alone can soothe the heart  
Which pants with love of home.

“ We’ll meet in prayer :” our prayers shall flee  
To heaven’s bright dome above,  
That there our souls united be  
In harmony and love.

“ We’ll meet in prayer,” and ask for each  
All joy beneath the sun ;  
We’ll ask our heavenly Lord to teach,  
For us, life’s fount to run.

“ We’ll meet in prayer” at every hour,  
At morn, at noon, and even ;  
Though severed long, my love, we’ll breathe  
Our fervent prayers to heaven.

“ We’ll meet in prayer,” and soon on earth,  
Oh ! may we meet again,  
In person, there, to thank our God  
Our prayers were not in vain.

---

## T H E   O A K.

See, towering high, the glorious Oak!  
A tree, which ne'er beneath the yoke  
    Of slaves hath bow'd,  
But which, through ages dark or free,  
Hath wav'd o'er land and dash'd o'er sea,  
    With strength endow'd.

Thou mighty tree, from one small seed  
Our Maker's will thy growth decreed,  
    And spread on high,  
O'er proud Britannia's fertile vales,  
Thy foliage, fann'd by fragrant gales  
    Beneath the sky—

Whose branches, as they boldly rise  
In beauty to the starry skies,  
    To freeborn men  
Proclaim that Britons will be free,  
And independent on the sea  
    And flow'ry glen.

A century gone, and thou art there,  
Lord of the greenwood, gay and fair,  
    Thou old oak brave—  
A few brief years, and thou wilt be  
A wanderer on the faithless sea,  
    Old ocean's slave.

A ship launched forth by stalwart hands,  
Thou'lt go in search of distant lands,  
    The sailor's pride ;  
And, wafted by high snowy sails,  
May thou defiance bid to gales  
    And treach'rous tide.

From east to west, from south to north,  
A noble bark thou'lt venture forth  
    Along the sea—  
The union-jack e'er waving high  
Upon thy mast, beneath the sky,  
    Renown'd and free.

That splendid flag and thou hast been,  
My brave old oak, through many a scene,  
    And, together,  
Have brav'd "the battle and the breeze,"  
Repell'd the loud and angry seas  
    In rude weather.

So go, my glorious British Oak,  
And never bow to slavery's yoke ;  
    But boldly ride,  
And bear proud dauntless hearts along,  
Well versed with many a naval song,  
    To wake the tide.

And, should war thy stern heart engage,  
Go float amidst the battle's rage,  
    And ever be  
The foremost barque upon the wave,  
Amidst the bravest of the brave  
    In victory.

---

### INFANCY.

---

How dear to me that hallow'd spot  
Of green and fertile earth,  
For there the true "forget-me-not"  
    First had its humble birth,  
Beside the stream which murmuring ran  
    Its devious course along,  
Where oft the rustic village clan  
    Flew forth to hear its song.

That leaping stream, in childhood's hours,  
Brought gladsome tales to me ;  
It dash'd between its banks of flowers,  
And murmuring sought the sea,  
Whilst Mary, dear, and I would roam  
Beneath the sun's bright ray,  
In that fair clime, our youthful home,  
Throughout the sultry day.

Yon village church and school-ground, where  
My boyhood's footsteps trod,  
Seem unto me as fresh and fair  
As when, high unto God  
My voice was rais'd in accents mild,  
In pure and heavenly prayer,  
With all the fervour of a child  
Unknown to sin and care.

Then teach me, Lord, to love the scenes  
I dearly lov'd of yore ;  
Those fair and wild romantic greens  
Which deck my native shore,  
O'er which I danc'd in boyhood's hours,  
Well pleas'd with nature's song,  
Plucking from earth the rarest flowers  
From verdant meads among.

---

THE DREAMS OF JOY.

---

The dreams of joy ! the dreams of joy !  
How beautiful to dream,  
To lie beside some sparkling fount,  
On summer's eve, and dream ;—  
When all is cool, when all is fair  
Upon the sainted sod,  
And not a voice is heard to speak,  
But that of Nature's God.

Oh, then the dreams of joy to us  
Come rushing one by one,  
And o'er our slumbers softly steal,  
Like splendor from the sun ;  
And Eden's garden oft appears,  
In those, our golden dreams,  
A smiling land, whose valleys fair  
Are washed by crystal streams.

The dreams of joy ! the dreams of joy !  
Those bright Elysian dreams,  
When angels hover o'er our heads,  
Beneath the moon's bright beams ;

And lead us forth, joined hand and hand,  
From this dark vale of tears,  
Unto a clime of life and light—  
A home—the heavenly spheres.

---

#### AS IVY CLINGS AROUND THE TOWER.

---

As ivy clings around the tower,  
So clings around this heart of mine,  
Hope's cheering leaf, and Friendship's flower,  
To bear it up through grief and time.  
And were it not that flow'r and leaf  
Assuage the tears that oft will flow,  
This heart—this heart would break with grief,  
And all my days be dark below.


But whilst bright Hope and Friendship stay,  
Through life's vale I'll gladly wander,  
And catch from Beauty's eye, the ray,  
Which so softly sparkles yonder.  
Though now and then, a cloud may cling  
Around this wither'd heart of mine,  
Hope's clear, and pure, refreshing spring  
Shall claim my tears at Friendship's shrine.

## M O N O D Y

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE LADY JOHN RUSSELL.

---

Who hath not mark'd the deep decline of day,  
And seen the summer sun to sink away—  
To fade a moment, then to flash again,  
And, dying, rest upon the heaving main?  
Who hath not known or felt in that calm hour,  
When melancholy owns her potent power,  
A secret sigh, a stern, a deep regret,  
With which life's lamp must fade—its sun must set?  
Now around the cold grave see children play,  
And dance upon the consecrated clay,  
Then pause, and, gazing in each other's face,  
Ask, with a soft look of enquiring grace,  
What means that solitude?—and answered why  
Graves are strewn there, heave forth a plaintive sigh  
For her who lately led her children o'er  
The happy haunts of flowery nature's shore.  
Poor orphans! how their little sparkling eyes  
Throw forth their tears—their bosoms swell with sighs,  
And pant with grief above her marble shade,  
And ask why human flow'rs beloved should fade.



THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

---

A soldier stood upon a blood-stain'd field,  
Fighting for his country's glory,  
Amidst the clang of sword, and spear, and  
shield,  
So renown'd in martial story.

An emblem of the brave he stood and fought,  
And, as he dealt around each blow,  
Some mighty deeds in that great day he  
wrought  
Throughout the ranks of England's foe.

As night grew on, the savage cannon roar'd,  
And hissing bullets danced around;  
The soldiers, hand to hand, and sword to  
sword,  
Fought to the drum's and trumpet's sound.

Our soldier fought, and bravely fought—too  
long—  
For now a ball has pierc'd his side,  
And yonder madly rushes through the throng  
The one he lov'd—the soldier's bride.

She lifts him on her arm—he knows her not,  
Nor yet his playful little lad ;  
Whilst the fond mother weeps and mourns her  
lot,  
The infant cries, “Why look so sad?”

“Dear father, speak, and come with me ; yes,  
come,  
And through the valley, wild and free,  
We will wander to our dear native home,  
Far o’er the blue and sparkling sea.”

The soldier lifts his head, and rolls his eye,  
Then falls extended on the ground,  
A prey to deep and fearful agony ;  
Whilst thousand bullets fly around.

Yet there is one who leaves him not alone,  
To die upon the battle-field ;  
But lingers with him, like a faithful *one*,  
Amid the banner, spear, and shield.

And when the soldier dies, his grave she rears,  
And names her warrior with pride,  
And hangs a laurel-wreath, all wet with tears,  
Upon his tomb—this soldier’s bride.

---

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

---

Farewell to thee, Albion ! from thy shores I depart  
With a tear in my eye and a worm at my heart ;  
But it is not a tear for my home which now falls ;  
I depart from my land and its desolate halls—  
Yes, that land of the brave, where my fathers have  
trod,  
And uplifted their pray'rs to an all-ruling God—  
With a tear, with a sigh, and a pang of regret,  
As a bird o'er the main, as a wanderer yet.

Farewell, farewell to my shore ! and if o'er the sea  
The deep sigh of affection should wing unto me,  
I will cherish that sigh, and will claim it my own,  
As henceforth through the dark world I wander alone ;  
Or if a tear, like dew-drop, should fall in my way,  
And mingle its sorrow with the surf-beating spray,  
I'll embosom that tear as I ride o'er the wave,  
I'll embosom that tear as I sink to the grave.

As a wreck of this life o'er the deep I depart,  
And I fly unto fame with a half-broken heart,

They shall hear of my deeds in some far distant  
clime,  
Where the forests are green, and the scenes are sublime—  
Where the cedar doth bow to the humming-bird's  
tone,  
And the wretched can wander unknown and alone  
At the hour of night, when stars ride pale on the sky,  
And soft zephyr breathes forth with its tenderest  
sigh.

Ye fair ones, o'er whom pleasure and beauty now  
reigns,  
From my shore I depart—I depart from your chains ;  
Think, then, think of the wanderer when on the sea ;  
His thoughts, they are thine—they now cling unto  
thee :  
Then fling him a sigh as he bounds o'er the wave,  
It will echo to him from some dark rocky cave—  
It will soothe the parched bosom now burning with  
pain,  
And replenish his hopes as he flies o'er the main.

It is time that I flew from the shores of my birth—  
It is time that I flew from my dear native earth—  
It is time that I flew from the dell and the cave,  
And the bank where the streamlet so gently doth  
lave—

From the scenes of my youth, where my memory  
    strays,  
Still rekindling the light of my happier days,  
And reviving the thoughts that have cradled the past,  
And the visions too fair and too bright for to last.

Fare-thee-well, then, my friends—fare-thee-well, then,  
    my foes,  
For, no malice I bear you, but wish ye repose—  
May the blessing of peace, and the smiles of your  
    God,  
Be a lamp in your path o'er life's desolate sod,  
And light thee to dwell in a far brighter shore,  
Where the weary may rest and trouble no more—  
May we meet, may we dwell in that angelic clime,  
Forgiving, forgiven, to the shadow of time !

Then, "Old England," I leave thee ; the name of  
    thee now  
Brings a joy to my heart and a smile to my brow,  
Whilst I fly o'er the face of the foamy deep,  
When the mermaids sing and the mariners sleep,  
Though thy woods, and thy glens, and thy streamlets,  
    I trow,  
Have all changed since my youth, and darker grown  
    now,  
And I leave them to those who can love them far more  
Than the exile of England, estranged from his shore.

## THE ROSE AND THE TULIP.


A FABLE.

---

A stately rose once grac'd the sod  
Created by the hands of God ;  
And near it there a tulip smiled  
In beauty in that garden wild ;  
But pride, it choked the latter flower,  
Which fell beneath that tyrant's power.

The rose was modest, chaste, and fair ;  
Of all the flow'rets blooming there,  
Not one could e'er its sweet perfume  
Emit, or own its blushing bloom ;  
And many a thoughtful mind hath given  
That flow'r, so fair, a place in heaven.

In robes of gold the tulip grew,  
Whose nectar was the morning dew ;  
Its plumage bright allured the eye,  
Bespeaking youth and gaiety ;  
And maidens fair, with wanton eyes,  
Would often seize it for a prize.



The rose, neglected, bloom'd awhile  
In beauty in that fairy isle ;  
But some fair girl, whose lovely form  
Could quell the tide of passion's storm,  
Admir'd the flower, and gave it place  
In her own bower of ease and grace.

Not so the tulip ; its coloured form  
The *thoughtless* mind alone could charm ;  
Intrinsic worth and merit were  
Lost to that flower, as words to air ;  
Whilst true-born sense to judgment gave  
Instinct to shun it as a knave.

*Moral.*

And thus, in life, we often view  
The proud, the gay, the knavish too,  
Admir'd awhile, whilst worth and sense,  
Neglected, meet no recompense.

---

### HURRAH FOR THE FLAG OF "OLD ENGLAND."

---

Hurrah for the flag of "Old England!"  
Hurrah for our country and Queen!  
For our land is the brave  
Little isle of the wave,  
Where the glorious sun smiles serene;  
Where Victoria reigns  
In sweet peace o'er our plains,  
And o'er her free-born subjects presides.  
Whilst our banner rides high—  
Like a star in the sky—  
In triumph over the sparkling tides.

So, hurrah for the flag of "Old England!"  
Hurrah for our country and Queen!  
For our land is the brave  
Little isle of the wave,  
Where the glorious sun smiles serene.

A mere speck of earth in the sea  
Is England, the land of the brave;

But a lion in might,  
When she's called to the fight,  
Will she start from her home in the wave.  
For her sons of "true blue"  
To their country are true,  
As in their barques they gallantly ride ;  
Whilst they're ready to throw  
Out dark death on the foe,  
In the roar of a fatal broadside.

So, hurrah for the flag of "Old England !"  
Hurrah for our country and Queen !  
For our land is the brave  
Little isle of the wave,  
Where the glorious sun smiles serene.

---

## O! LET US DREAM OF HEAVEN.

---

O! let us dream of heav'n awhile—  
Of yonder starry spheres,  
Where Mercy ever deigns to smile  
Down on this "vale of tears"—  
Of Him, whose universal power  
Created all things grand,  
Who made the sea, the flower,  
The tree, and fertile land.

O! let us dream of heav'n, for earth  
Has grown too cold and drear;  
The flowers which blossom'd at our birth  
Are faded now, and sere;  
The leaves of the green boughs which hung  
Then freshly o'er our way,  
From which the birds have gaily sung,  
Too long have known decay.

Then, let us dream of heav'n awhile;  
'Twill cheer our hearts to dream  
Of that fair clime, where Beauty's smile  
Gladdens each leaping stream,

Which fill the fountains as they run  
To everlasting life—  
Where immortality's bright sun  
With splendid rays is rife.

---

### THE EXILE.

---

As our light bark her outward course  
Along the deep was making,  
A lovely girl came forth, and gaz'd  
O'er waves around us breaking  
On her dear shore, her native home,  
Britannia, cherished dearly,  
Whose verdant hills, whose winding rills,  
And dales, she lov'd sincerely.

And as she gazed on that fair land,  
Alas ! a tear came rushing  
From eyes of blue, o'er cheeks whose hue  
Quite red had grown with blushing,  
And then she knelt, and clasped her hands,  
And breathed a pray'r whilst kneeling,  
Whose soft yet votive words went forth  
To heaven, her griefs revealing.

RETROSPECTION.

---

As I look back along the course of years sublime,  
And trace the wondrous deeds achieved by father  
Time,  
Who lifts his scythe, and with one stroke bows unto  
death  
The young, who breathe in festive halls their light-  
some breath,  
I think of those who might have risen to future fame,  
Now hurried headlong down into the gulf of shame.

From this one cause, that hearts they most sincerely  
priz'd,  
Have gained their love, and then that potent love  
despised ;  
And thus they careless grew, and wrecks through  
life became—  
Their compass lost upon the wrecks of former fame ;  
They onward steer'd through storm and strife of  
boiling wave,  
Until they anchor'd hence—within the silent grave.

Ah ! it is thus I sometimes feel,—alone—alone,  
On a wide, dark, and dreary sea—my compass gone—

My every sail of life shiver'd before the breeze—  
My rudder and anchor cast away in the seas,  
And if but a beacon in Friendship's smile I trace,  
Oh, that is a home for my heart—a resting-place.

---

FORGIVE THE TEAR I SHED FOR THEE.

---

Forgive the tear I shed for thee,  
For memory mourns the past,  
The happy hours I've spent with thee  
Before my face are cast ;  
Where'er I turn, where'er I rove,  
Yet still they haunt me there,  
And mournful notes my heart reprove,  
And bid me court despair.

Forgive the tear I shed for thee,  
Remembrance bids me weep,  
If altered are the lips you see,  
And blanched is the cheek ;  
Think, think, dear girl, and mourn the past,  
Nor one fond feeling smother,  
From him, whose hopes on her were cast,  
Now wedded to another.

## THE DIAMOND-WORKER.

---

Alas! for the poor, poor diamond-worker, whose wretched destiny it is to toil in obscurity and poverty, amidst the world's richest gems;—see his delicate and emaciated form, as he labours over the rough mineral, which, ere long, will, by his unceasing attention, dazzle and captivate the eyes of every beholder;—look upon his half-starved wife and family, and then ask yourself why *he* who produces such brilliant wealth and beauty, should be left to linger and then die unmourned and unregretted. Like *his fate*, is that of the bard—searching the mines of thought, he discovers and produces intellectual gems, which sparkle upon life's pathway, and give enjoyment to many thousands; and yet, like the poor diamond-worker, *he*, too, often dies forgotten and uncared-for.

M. C.

---

Alas! how few there are who care  
For the diamond-worker's fate,  
So that the gem shines pure and rare,  
In the glittering halls of the great.

The lady fair who dances forth,  
At the banquet-hall at night  
(Whilst trembling, from the howling north,  
*One* is passing that mansion light),

Wears on her breast a sparkling gem,  
    Whilst her fingers bear its splendour,  
And her fair head a diadem,  
    Which its lustre doth surrender.

In heedless mood she trips along,  
    Music's heavenly sound obeying,  
The proudest of that festive throng,  
    Her fantastic form displaying.

And little she thinks of the care,  
    The sorrow, the toil, and the tears  
Of the half-starved wife—and despair  
    Which have haunted that man for years.

That *man*, who has laboured by day  
    And night o'er the glittering gem,  
Until he produced the pure ray  
    Which adorns that rich diadem.

Ah ! little she thinks but of praise  
    From the proud, young, haughty, and fair ;  
And the diamond bright, whose rays  
    Have made it a jewel so rare.

Her lord at her side, on that night,  
    As he leads her gaily away  
With flattering words, in the sight  
    Of that throng doth *his* gem display.

With pleasure they join in the ball,  
And with joy they hear the blythe song—  
Whilst the *leaves are dying* and fall  
On the stream which dashes along.

For bleak is the wind to the poor, -  
When adversity's storm comes forth  
With a shriek, a frown, and a roar,  
From the fiend who reigns in the north.

But how little, alas ! *they* care  
For the diamond-worker's fate,  
So that the gem shines pure and rare,  
In the glittering halls of the great—

For the *priceless health he has* LOST,  
By labour at night and by day ;  
But of their fair gem how they boast,  
As they gaze on its sparkling ray.

'Tis thus with the bard during life ;  
Whilst *living*, neglected he steers  
Through the waves of sorrow and strife—  
A prey to despondence and tears.

And, like the fair *gem*, is his mind,  
His thoughts are admired by all,  
Whilst, as with *its* worker, they're blind  
To the *man*, and thus let him *fall*.

Yes, *fall* on the stream, with the leaf,  
To sink in Oblivion's dark tide,—  
When a smile might have given relief,  
And cheer'd the sad minstrel who died.

But oh ! too few there are who care  
For the diamond-worker's fate,  
So that the gem shines pure and fair,  
In the glittering halls of the great.

---

### THE WOODMAN.

---

Sequester'd in my forest home  
My peaceful spirit dwells,  
And as contented here I roam  
Through nature's fairy cells,  
Earth's sovereign Lord, and ruling King,  
Who guides the mighty seas,  
Gives breath to every living thing,  
Sends forth such joys as these :—

A snow-white cot midst valleys green,  
A streamlet winding by,  
The wild-bird's note that pours between  
Its music to the sky—

A loving wife, with laughing boys  
And girls, to cheer my lot,  
Away from bustle, strife, and noise,  
My peaceful country cot.

---

### HOW SWEET IN AFTER YEARS TO MEET.

---

How sweet in after years to meet  
The early friends that round us grew ;  
How dear on earth again to greet  
Those smiles our happy childhood knew ;  
How dear the old romantic spot  
Where youth and beauty bounded ;  
But dearer far the homely cot  
Where mirthful music sounded.

I envy not that stoic's lore,  
Who, so lost, so dead to feeling,  
Retreads again his native shore,  
Where soft woodland notes are pealing,  
Without a tear, a throb, or sigh,  
To think his footsteps bounded  
Upon that sward, beneath that sky,  
Where rustic music sounded.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

---

As Beauty in this land of ours  
(A clime abounding with flowers,  
    With butterflies,  
And gardens of fragrant roses,  
Where young Love sweetly reposes  
    'Neath radiant skies),  
Was straying one day  
Among new-mown hay,  
O'er some fields, the urchin she spied,  
Who, leaping from his ambush, cried,  
    As he entered the verdant glade,  
    Kiss'd her, and with her ringlets play'd,  
"Come, dear maiden, and be my bride!"

Beauty, with her meek eyes of blue,  
Unto the urchin nearer drew ;  
    She liked him well—  
There was something roguish and coy  
In the looks of that fairy boy,  
    Some magic spell  
Which bound him to her,  
And made her prefer

Straying with him the groves among,  
To the tune of some charming song :  
    So her fair hand in his she placed,  
    Whilst Love drew his around her waist,  
And gaily they wandered along.

From that hour Love and Beauty were  
A constant and celestial pair ;  
    By the clear stream,  
    On its mossy margin, they strayed,  
    Watching the bright water which played  
    'Neath the sun's beam,  
    Breathing their soft words,  
    Like music of birds,  
Into each other's heart stealing  
With tenderness and feeling ;  
    They strayed over fair meads alone,  
    Beneath the sun and moon which shone,  
And the blue starlight revealing.

---

MOUNT EDGECUMBE.\*

---

Dear hallow'd mount, to memory dear,  
By visions borne, to thee I roam,  
On airy wings, and linger near  
The sacred fountains of my home,  
Which, sparkling, play'd where I have strayed,  
And watched each fair and heav'n-born maid,  
Who danced thy dewy meads along.  
Enamelled lawns, ye bring to me,  
Of pleasing scenes and thoughts, a throng;  
For I have gaz'd upon the sea,  
From the ruin of an old tower  
Which o'erlooks it, and heard the song  
Divine, of birds, and seen the flower,  
And deer, that skipped thy lawns along,  
Till wrapt in fancy's maze, and lost  
In the realms of Beauty, there grew  
A Paradise on that dear spot,  
And fair enchanted Nature, flew,  
In bright and hallow'd garb, before mine eyes,  
To hail the tints upon thy radiant skies.

\* Belonging to the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, is one of the loveliest spots which Nature and art ever created. It is a small island, opposite Devonport, and here, by the kind permission of his lordship, I have spent many a pleasant, solitary hour in happy contemplation.

## SONNET

TO SIR ROBERT PEEL,

Written impromptu, on seeing an account in a newspaper of his humane assistance to the sister and nephew of the gallant Sir Sydney Smith.

---

At once a statesman, father, and a friend,  
Thou ventured'st forth to soothe adversity—  
To those bereav'd of hope, thy aid to lend,  
To comfort and to guide them o'er life's sea.  
The storm is o'er ; and thou, their pilot friend,  
Steer thy skiff o'er the blue untroubled deep ;  
And may sweet Peace her gentle magic lend,  
To lull thy soul in heaven to blissful sleep ;  
For pure humanity—angelic queen—  
Sits proudly on thy noble, stately brow,  
Pouring around the land her welcome sheen  
Of love and hope, to gild a world of woe.  
When men like thee, possess'd of power, good actions  
wield,  
Their names become as stars o'er life's eternal field.

WINE.  

---

Come drink awhile to beauty's smile,  
And from this goblet sip ;  
The glittering bowl will raise the soul,  
And nectar tinge the lip ;  
And ruby wine shall be our shrine,  
And Love our song to-night ;  
Whilst wit and soul shall "wreathe the bowl,"  
And glasses sparkle bright.  
Then drink  
The friends we love—  
The girls we love ;  
And may we meet in heaven above.

Then pass the wine, the clear red wine,  
To-night, at least, is ours ;  
Though morning brings us fetter'd wings,  
We'll bind a wreathe of flowers,  
The song we'll sing, the toast we'll ring,—  
Our glasses sparkling bright,—  
To those soft eyes—those starry eyes—  
That haunt our path with light.

Then drink  
The friends we love—  
The girls we love ;  
And may we meet in heav'n above.

---

## SONG.

---

Oh ! come with me, and gather flowers  
Where roams the honey-bee,  
In Nature's fair enchanting bowers  
Beside the sparkling sea.  
We'll pluck the daisy wild, my dear,  
We'll wreathe it in thy hair,  
Along with wild "forget-me-not,"  
And modest primrose fair.

Then, come with me, and gather flow'rs ;  
We'll wander hand in hand,  
And guile away our leisure hours  
By roaming fairy land,  
Where birds, and butterflies, and bees,  
Flaunt merrily along  
Beneath the tinted skies above,  
In this fair land of song.

THE BEAUTY OF CHILDREN.

---

There is more beauty in *one* child  
Than you will find in twenty men ;  
Its mien is pure and undefiled,  
As forth it roams the flow'ry glen.

A girl with light-blue, laughing eyes,  
Whose tresses dance, in wanton play,  
O'er her cheeks, whilst 'neath sunny skies,  
The heaven-born infant roams away—

Or a fair boy, with a free heart,  
Skipping the verdant meads along,  
In wild mood, with a bound and start,  
With a whistle, or jocund song—

Yield more joy to my aching breast,  
Than the bright banquet-hall could yield ;  
For there is something truly blest  
In childhood's guileless ways revealed.

A brother takes his sister's hand,  
And leads the sinless girl along,  
With soothing accents, fond and bland,  
Or cheers her with a merry song.

See how they dance—see how they romp—  
Earth is the only heaven they know ;  
The etiquette of festive pomp,  
Is their worst and detested foe.

In innocence of thought they play,  
And stray together, hand in hand,  
Far o'er the village-green away,  
Breathing tales of their own loved land.

And, with their peculiar graces,  
They charm the eyes of all who gaze  
On their young and joyous faces,  
Who wish unto them, happy days.

And, oh ! that they may live for aye,  
In their own land of song and sun,  
Watching the fountains as they play,  
And the sparkling streams as they run.

---

## LINES

Written impromptu, on meeting a very young lady, with whom the author was acquainted, when a child.

---

Child of my heart, those eyes of thine,  
That softened ray, and look divine,  
Those choral cheeks, and ruby lips,  
O'er which alluring Beauty skips,  
Recall my heart and senses back,  
Along a dark and dreary track,  
A path of griefs, a world of woes,  
To early days of blest repose.

“Friend of my soul,” so warm and kind,  
May no rude storms assail thy mind,  
But smiling peace, and gentle love,  
Bear thee hence to the realms above—  
May summer days, and happy hours,  
And sunny smiles, and genial showers,  
Thy path await, and thee attend,  
“Friend of my soul”—my early friend.

Friend of my youth—my smiling friend,  
May light and joy thy life attend—  
May no rude cares thy soul molest,  
To mar the solace of thy breast—

No sleepless nights, no chilling dreams,  
Affright thee with their awful themes :  
But days and nights of peace attend  
Thee to thy grave, my youthful friend.

“ Friend of my soul,” since last we met,  
Long years have passed of deep regret,  
My earliest friends are gone, and I  
Dwell beneath a cloudier sky ;  
But clouds may frown, and winds blow chill,  
I’ll wander back with memory still,  
To the days when young, free, and wild,  
Over the lawns you danced a child.

I gaze on thee, my fairest one,  
As pilgrim oft beholds the sun—  
As trav’ler lost, behold a star,  
When shining brightly from afar,  
A guide to *him*, that star so blue—  
A lamp to *me*, the smile from *you* :  
“ Friend of my soul,” I wish thee well—  
Girl of my heart, farewell!—farewell!

---

TIME, DEATH, AND THE GRAVEDIGGER.

---

In a churchyard an old man sat  
Upon a tombstone grey ;  
And in one hand he clasped a scythe,  
Which rested on some clay :

A dial he held, which told each hour,  
With true and dreary chime ;  
Hurried the young, thoughtless, and gay,  
Before " Old Father Time,"

Who, as he sat upon his throne,  
And drew his sickly breath,  
Referred the thoughtless, young, and gay,  
To his companion—Death :

Who hurried them forth, one by one,  
The gay, the young, and old,  
To the vaulted, and common grave,  
To regions, dark and cold.

The old gravedigger stood and gazed,  
With his spade in his hand,  
And he laughed as they marched along,  
This strange and motley band.

“They are mine,” he said; “wealth they bring,  
So hurrah for the spade !  
I’ll soon be as rich as a Jew,  
If Time will use his blade.”

He ground his spade, and dug away,  
And many a worm he turned  
Out of its cold and slimy bed,  
Unto the sun which burned.

And laughed when his work was done,  
And then counted his gold,  
“And now I will go home,” he said,  
“Like a brave hero bold.”

“Stand fast,” said Death, who seized his arm,  
“For that deep grave is thine;  
And home thou shalt no more return—  
You are a slave of mine !”

And he pushed him into that grave,  
And covered him with clay,  
And the worms crawl’d about his frame,  
And gnaw’d his flesh away.

They gnaw'd in spite, they knew him well,  
Had heard him laugh, to see  
Stern Time, and Death, hurry the gay  
Unto Eternity.

---

### THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

---

This day, in peasant home and mansion fair,  
Is filled and drained the chalice,  
And mirth and joy are laughing everywhere,  
For in our Royal Palace,  
A flower of hope, dear England's smiling Rose,  
Attains its natal day ;  
And ever on that young and blooming Rose  
May fragrant breezes play—

May sweetest dew descend from heaven above,  
Distilled from health, peace, and mirth,  
Upon that flow'r—and may a people's love  
Guard this fairest gem of earth—  
May loyal hearts around our Rose entwine,  
And fond affection own  
This gentle, modest, blushing Rose, whose shrine  
Is happy England's throne.

## THE ENGLISH FARMER.

There was a time in merry England  
When the thresher swung his flail,  
With a true, stout heart, and quaff'd his horn  
Of fine, strong, clear, English ale ;  
When the happy reaper bound his corn,  
Upon rich, good, English soil,  
And, upon the sabbath, went to church,  
Free from all restraint and toil :

When the stout old English farmer smil'd,  
Fat with good old English cheer,  
Of English beef, fed by English hands,  
And drank English home-brewed beer ;  
And English milk, from fine English cows,  
By fair English maidens drawn,  
Whose red, dimpled cheeks, and laughing eyes,  
Did our English homes adorn.

Then was the time for sunny England,  
When her merry bells did ring  
Their blythe, loud, and joyous notes afar,  
Mirth and pleasure welcoming ;

But oh, now, alas ! how changed the times :  
The poor farmer roams his soil  
In sadness now, and the peasant asks  
Some reward for all his toil.

But still they love the scenes of their birth,  
As their native clime they roam,  
And they hope that brighter days may yet  
Adorn their dear English home.  
Then may God preserve our English Queen—  
May sorrow never harm her,  
And prosper our peasantry who toil,  
And fine old English Farmer.

---

S T A N Z A S.

---

These lays, when I am bounding o'er the dark blue  
seas,  
Perchance some wandering, aching heart, like mine,  
may please ;  
For, oh ! they have been penned in hours of deep  
distress,  
To calm the rugged storms of life's dark wilderness—  
To bring some gently healing balm, some soothing aid  
On fancy's airy wings, with hopes too long delayed.

I boast not lore, nor can I boast of wealth or power ;  
But hope the silver notes of poesy to shower,  
In sweet harmonious strains, before the flying breeze,  
For many a day, though I am sailing o'er the seas,  
Whilst England's flag is flying from the shivering mast,  
Impelled by every breath that rides upon the blast.

---

AS GENTLY O'ER THE MOONLIT SEA.

---

As gently o'er the moonlit sea  
Is steer'd our gondolier,  
My dearest girl, I think of thee—  
I think of thee, my dear.  
Then dream of him who roams along  
The pale and moonlit sea,  
Who tunes his harp, who sings his song,  
This night to love and thee.

The stars shine bright from heav'n above,  
And placid are the skies ;  
And now those twinkling stars, my love,  
Remind me of thine eyes.  
And, dearest, sweet it is to think  
That Cupid, o'er the sea,  
Oft steals along and brings the link  
That chains me, love, to thee.

A VOICE FROM A DYING CHRISTIAN.

---

Will the cold, icy hand of Death,  
Now seize away my fleeting breath,  
And lead me hence on high ?  
Or will it wait awhile,  
The world to let me view,  
To bid my friends adieu,  
And greet them with a smile ?

Will it raise me to heaven above,  
To live in everlasting love ?  
Or will it thrust me down—  
Will it hurl me to hell,  
Where everlasting pain  
Would rack this human frame,  
Where tortures ever dwell ?

A voice replies, I hear it nigh—  
It bids me seek the tranquil sky,  
Where angels ever dwell,  
To hear the joyful song,  
By seraphs sung in strains,  
Like music o'er the plains,  
But sweeter far their song.

Thou child of dust, I bid farewell—  
The world I leave to darkness still—  
I bear my flight away—  
I bear the palm on high—  
An angel stands in view,  
So I must bid adieu,  
And soon shall reach the sky.

---

## SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

---

In youth, in buoyant youth, I mark'd a stream  
Which wandered full and swift along,  
Reflecting on its face heaven's own bright beam,  
And dashing forth a fairy song—  
Music that seemed to cheer the troubled ear,  
And wake the heart to fancy wild,  
To lull to sleep the gently-rising tear,  
And rule the soul with sceptre mild ;  
But Time, that high-born monarch, crept along,  
And wiped its crystal face away,  
Destroyed the simple echo of its song  
That mock'd the wild birds' ceaseless play :  
'Tis thus with thee—fair, loved, regretted—thou art  
gone,  
Whilst hearts, warm hearts, are left thy early fate to  
mourn.

MY NATIVE LAND.

---

I love thee, my fair native land !  
Dear land of flowers and song,  
Where the wild butterfly and bee  
Flaunt merrily along.

I love thee for thy beauty's sake—  
The verdure of thy lawns—  
The freshness of thy valleys green,  
Where bound thy matchless fawns.

Dear land of my fathers ! the brook,  
The clear and gushing stream,  
And simple music of thy groves,  
Make mine a hallowed theme.

Thy tinted clouds and starry throne,  
Thy blue and vaulted sky,  
Bear witness of the power of Him  
Who dwells and rules on high.

The sparkling waves which ride around  
My own dear native isle,  
Bear memory's dream along the deep,  
Enwreathed with many a smile.

The smiles of youth and beauty fled—  
The sunshine of those hours,  
When buoyant hope and love were mine,  
In thy fair land of flow'rs.

Scenes of my youth, for ever dear,  
I love thee more and more,  
And when I die, oh, may I die  
Upon my native shore.

And may the rose above my tomb  
Breathe incense o'er the sod,  
And the meek daisy sweetly bloom  
Beneath the smile of God.

---

### W O M A N.

---

Oh, man ! it is to thee that woman flies,  
When grief sits heavy on her gentle breast,  
To catch a soft expression from thine eyes,  
And hear some soothing words by thee expressed,  
When peace to her its healing balm denies,  
In thy kind smile she feels her cares at rest ;  
Then calm her with thy words, but deceive her not,  
Or else thou shalt die—a wretch, unmourned, forgot !

THE POET'S WISH.

---

I wish I had a plot of ground,  
With woodbine hedges planted round ;  
A little wealth, and loving wife,  
To smooth the rugged path of life ;  
With smiling girls, and romping boys,  
To cheer me with their harmless noise.

A cottage white, with ivy bound,  
Erected on a hill of ground,  
Commanding views o'er valleys green,  
Where dashes on the winding stream,  
In which the fishes love to play,  
Reflected by the sunny ray,

Where singing birds awake to glee  
The fervent heart right merrily,  
And bounding dear, and lambkins wild,  
That frolic like a playful child,  
Where Nature's gems adorn the sod,  
Proclaiming there the works of God.

Oh! had I these, I would not crave,  
Like yonder mean and abject slave

Of pride, for more ; but bless my lot,  
Dwell in my own romantic cot,  
Tune my rude harp to brighter lays,  
And pour to God most high, due praise.

---

### THE OCEAN KING.

---

A queer old king is the ocean king,  
He rides in his bounding car,  
And fears no form of the howling storm,  
But hurries away afar ;  
Away, away, o'er the sparkling spray,  
The lord of the deep is he ;  
Whate'er he say, none dare disobey  
The king of the mighty sea.

For Neptune is king of everything  
Which dwells in the stormy deep,  
Long may he ride o'er the foamy tide  
In state, and his vigils keep ;  
May every wave, as a willing slave,  
Bow unto his lordly will,  
And the ocean free, quite silent be,  
When Neptune shall say " be still."

**OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER!**  

---

Old England for ever !  
Thou land of the fair !  
No country can ever  
Its beauties compare  
With thine, isle of my birth,  
Thou home of the free,  
Where the sons of its earth  
Assemble in glee,  
In the halls of their sires,  
And quaff the bright wine  
Which enlivens their souls  
At Beauty's pure shrine.

Old England for ever !  
Three cheers for thee now,  
Perchance I may never  
Again on the brow  
Of those hills where I stray'd  
In days of my youth,  
In the bright sunny glade  
Of virtue and truth,

Muse or sport, as in hours  
Remembered—gone by,  
And now cherish'd in vain,  
With many a sigh.

Then, England for ever !  
Thou land of the brave !  
Whose standard has never  
Bow'd down to the slave,  
Maintain the proud glory  
Which hangs o'er thee now,  
And Fame will her story  
Engrave on thy brow,  
And thy bulwark shall be  
Thy banner unfurl'd,  
Which shall laugh at the storm,  
And defy the wide world.

---

THE SMILE OF OTHER DAYS.

---

The smile of other days—That smile  
Has vanished with my summer years,  
And falsehood's voice, and manhood's guile,  
Have made for me a path of tears.  
I look around—deceit is there—  
I read it in the human heart ;  
But yet, the flowers and birds are fair,  
The sun his smiles doth still impart.

The smile of other days—How dear  
To glide along the stream of Time,  
To wander forth with memory fair,  
To those my hours of youthful prime ;  
For then the thought will sometimes come,  
And in my aching breast will raise  
The image of my early home,  
And light the smile of other days.

The smile of other days has fled,  
The sunny smile of those I love,  
Whose lovely radiance seem'd to shed  
The glory of the stars above ;

And as I look around life's vale,  
On scenes my childhood gazed upon,  
My heart grows mournful at the tale,  
Which speaks of happy moments gone.

---

### THE VANITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

---

Life!—what is life, but darkness, sin, and toil?  
Alas! “in the midst of life we are in death,”  
And soon the grave will claim us for its spoil,  
And bid us yield life unto all-reigning death.  
Until life, life may again abound  
On another land—a better ground—  
Above, where the stars bestud the sky,  
The pale moon shines, and the night-winds  
sigh.

“Life! what is life?” a child was heard to say.  
Life, my fair girl, is a stage of teeming strife,  
That glitters with the serpent's sparkling ray,  
Which allures thy youthful heart to scenes so rife  
With human enmity, toil, and woe,  
Which haunt this poor fragile earth below;  
Yes, fair child, these are the gifts of life—  
All on earth is vanity and strife.

THE SHIPWRECK.

---

Loud blew the storm off Albion's coast,  
The night grew dark, the waves rode high,  
When weary wanderers were toss'd  
Beneath a foul and angry sky.  
No moon arose—no star was there,  
To light the sea-worn travellers home—  
No friend to aid—and cold despair  
Shriek'd fiercely o'er the howling foam.

Down went the bark in that quicksand,\*  
And never more by man was seen ;  
And all that reached the distant land,  
Was one—one long-continued scream—

\* Goodwin—which is of the most dangerous description. Many a light bark, pursuing its outward or homeward course, in all the pride and majesty of a British ship, has perished here ; and with them some of the noblest and bravest hearts that England ever produced. A few years ago, I stood on the beach at Deal, and saw a vessel homeward bound ; she made her rapid way along the bosom of the gentle ocean. Night came on, and with it arose the angry storm ;—that bark perished. Shrieks were heard ;—all grew silent. The morning came, and the faithless deep sent its rippling music to the shore, as calmly and as gently as ever. The recollection of that event has been the occasion of the above lines.

M. C.

One cry for help, where none could aid,  
Till, drowned by raging wind and waves,  
Each heart grew faint with hope delayed,  
And sunk in silence to their graves.

---

### THE SONG OF AGE.

---

In joyous youth, bright hours were mine,  
And I sipped of honey from every store,  
And gentle Beauty formed the shrine  
Which, in those happy days, I knelt before;  
Whilst the goddess Plenty before me smiled,  
As free and light-hearted I stray'd,  
A happy, thoughtless, and innocent child,  
Over Nature's enchanting glade.


Those days are gone, and childhood's glee  
Hath forsaken the paths which then I trod ;  
But still, solace is left for me  
In the smiles of a kind, attending God ;  
So the days of my youth I mourn not now,  
But prepare for a world above—  
A mansion of rest, o'er yon mountain's brow,  
Where its children are link'd in love.

THE SWORD.

---

The glittering sword—Who hath not heard  
Fame often clarion out the word  
“Sword?” which my strength and friend shall be,  
To lead me forth to victory,  
When with my country’s foes I stand,  
And bear that weapon in my hand;  
When against stern rebellious power  
My sword is rais’d in evil hour,  
Oh, then, may it some fiend lay low,  
Who boasts himself his country’s foe.

The mighty sword—Who hath not read  
Of glories won, where thousands bled?  
Who hath not known this sharpened steel  
To add to Britain’s strength and weal;  
When noble arms have borne it forth,  
And dared their foes in east and north,  
In south and west—in every clime,  
From now unto remotest time?  
Who hath not known the sword to be  
The daring blade of victory?



How many noble hearts have led  
The "hope forlorn," and fought and bled,  
With sword unsheath'd?—How many died  
Before its thrust with fervent pride?—  
How many noble youths have gone,  
And left a rural life with scorn,  
And seiz'd a sword, and pointed high  
That glittering weapon to the sky,  
On war's wide blood-stained field, and fell,  
To save the land they lov'd so well?

Then go, my country's sword, and long  
May arms of sinews firm and strong,  
Poise thee on high on glory's field,  
Companion to thy friendly shield;  
Yes, go, and still triumphant be  
Whilst England's freest of the free—  
Whilst fearless youths so gladly rise,  
To seize thee as an envied prize;  
Yes, go—thy name is echoed o'er  
The sparkling sea to every shore.

---

## BRITANNIA.

---

" Fair is thy level landscape, England !—fair  
As ever Nature form'd ! Away it sweeps,  
A wide, a smiling prospect, gay with flowers,  
And waving grass, and trees of amplest growth,  
And sparkling rills, and rivers winding slow  
Through all the smooth immense."—CARRINGTON.

---

## I.

Hail, Britannia !—land of beauty, hail !  
For Freedom floats upon thy balmy gale ;  
Thy flaunting flag, for aye renowned and free,  
Still rides triumphant o'er the deep blue sea ;  
And as it onward speeds, on high unfurl'd,  
It bids a stern defiance to the world :  
For Albion's sons it bears a passport, o'er  
The mighty deep, to every distant shore.

## II.

Lovely Britannia ! home of the brave !  
The fairest island in the sparkling wave ;  
Land of my forefathers, and mine ! to thee  
I tune my lyre with fond idolatry ;

For who can tell, as well as those who part  
From all which life holds dear, how throbs the  
    heart  
With love of home and native liberty,  
As sailing o'er the dark expansive sea !

## III.

My country ! oh, my beauteous country ! where  
Is an isle like thine, fraught with scenes so fair,  
With vales so beautiful, and birds that sing,  
And roam the fragrant air on pliant wing ?  
Fain would I roam life o'er again, to gaze  
On the fairy regions of early days,  
And with my wild, creative fancy, view  
Thy tall, proud, white cliffs from the ocean blue.

## IV.

Sweet were those vanished days of childhood,  
    when  
We sported in dear Albion's leafy glen,  
And danced, unconscious of old England's pride  
To maintain her fame upon the trackless tide :  
Unconscious of the grand events which sway  
A mighty kingdom's fickle destiny :  
Ah ! little then we reck'd or cared to know  
Of zealous patriots borne down with woe.

## V.

Our only world then was our little isle,  
Our only thoughts, our pleasures, and the smile  
Of those we dearly lov'd, was all we asked,  
As in life's sunshine, day by day, we basked ;  
And if we sometimes saw our standard high  
Waving its triple emblem 'neath the sky,  
To us it seemed a toy, an useless gem,  
And not, as now, our honor's diadem.

## VI.

Beneath that flag have thousands fell,  
To save their country which they lov'd so well,  
Their own dear clime, their childhood's sod,  
Where, in their early days, they praised their  
God ;  
Yes, breathed forth their prayers to him on high,  
Who rules o'er all this world's immensity :  
And in their young and buoyant summer hours,  
Danced o'er a land fraught with the fairest  
flow'rs.

## VII.

Yes ! there have fell warriors young and brave,  
Who, self-elated, cross'd the briny wave,  
To far off, foreign shores, to quell the foes  
Who stabbed at dear Britannia's sweet repose.

Yes, there have fell, beneath the flag which rears  
Its dauntless crest above a host of spears,  
Proud champions for their land, who bled and  
died  
Upon the field, amidst the gory tide.

## VIII.

Their recent victories on India's plains  
Add wealth and glory to our rich domains ;  
And all the trophies on the Sutlej, won  
By their stern valour and the British gun,  
Are now proclaim'd by every echoing rill ;  
Whilst I breathe, " with all thy faults I love  
thee still,  
My country"—land of the brave, home of the  
free,  
Clime of fair science, and the queen of the sea !

## IX.

Fair Britannia ! with fond emotion, I  
Have watched thy blue and golden-tinted sky ;  
Have swam thy streams, and heard thy " old  
church bells "  
Ring forth their sweetest notes through thy  
lov'd dells,  
And fields, and rural lanes, where I would stray  
The noonday summer sultry hours away.

Such scenes have fled,—yet faithful memory  
brings,  
Oft-times, the thoughts of those long-banished  
things.

## X.

The immortal Sir Walter Scott has said,  
“ I ask, where is the man with soul so dead,  
Who, returning home from some foreign strand,  
Hath not said, this is my dear native land ?”  
And I, who sometimes sing my humble song,  
Would still the echo of his words prolong,  
And further ask, what British heart would yield  
To Britain’s foes, the glories of the field ?

## XI.

Oh ! whatever clime has given us birth,  
This is, to us, the dearest spot of earth.  
The savage Indian loves his native clime,  
And deems no other land than his sublime ;  
The cold Norwegian thinks his sterile sod  
The best and grandest work of “ Nature’s God ;”  
Whilst we, Britannia’s sons, elate with pride,  
Believe our own isle the fairest in the tide.

## XII.

The Pole, when exiled from his native home,  
In far-off foreign climes compelled to roam,


His country loves. The Russian serf, whose  
shore  
Owns the stern wildness of the Labrador,  
Deems his own clime the fairest in the world ;  
And, as he sees on high our flag unfurl'd,  
Sighs for his home, though it is known to be  
The nursery of shame and slavery.

## XIII.

Britannia ! when I name thee, oh, I name  
A land whose sons are immortal ; whose fame  
Is the bold hero's on the battle-field,  
Who fights beneath his banner, and the shield  
He bears, and ever dauntless rears on high,  
Whilst struggling for his native liberty,  
His country's rights—his Queen—and honor's  
cause,  
Who fights and dies, and wins the world's ap-  
plause.

## XIV.

Then, brave sons of Britain, defend once more  
Your own dear sea-girt isle, your native shore ;  
England is your *home* ! Britons, let it be  
To every heart the land of liberty ;  
Cast slavery's chains to "those who need 'em,"  
But maintain for Albion's sons fair freedom ;  
Assert to foreign powers, that we repose  
Beneath the shamrock, thistle, and the rose.



## XV.

Then, three cheers for thee now, thou land of  
the brave,  
Three cheers for old England ! the friend to the  
slave.  
Three cheers for my country ! the queen of the  
sea !  
Bright isle of the blest ! and the home of the  
free !  
I love thee ! I love thee ! thou clime of my  
birth—  
I love thee ! I love thee ! thou fair spot of earth !  
May thy flag in freedom ride high on the breeze,  
The pride of the world, and the queen of the  
seas.

## XVI.

'Tis true our noble banner rides the seas,  
And e'er hath braved the "battle and the breeze."  
'Tis true our ships in every port are seen,  
Bearing our Union-jack o'er ocean green ;  
But soon, alas ! a day may come, when we  
May have to fight for British liberty ;—  
To man our ships of war, and face again  
Britannia's foes, upon the bounding main.

## XVII.

England beware ! France is alert, whilst we  
Remain *unfortified* by land and sea ;

Say, shall our fierce "bull dogs"\* no longer  
frown  
On hostile nations, and hold our high renown ;  
Say, shall we cast aside the fame we've won,  
Or still maintain it with the British gun ;  
Shall hearts of oak, the valiant and the proud,  
By foreign powers be subdued and bowed ?

## XVIII.

No ; whilst old Father Thames majestic glides,  
And commerce o'er his sparkling tide presides ;  
Whilst the tall ship rides forth from India's seas,  
Bearing to us its fragrant spicy breeze ;  
Whilst the firm spirit of our fathers reigns  
Among the peasants of our native plains,  
Fear not, Britannia—fear not that we  
Will bow beneath the yoke of slavery.

## XIX.

In every clime, in every age and hour,  
Thy name is named with awe ; thy dreaded  
power  
Is looked upon with stern and jealous frown,  
By those who crave thy high and just renown ;  
Who view thy rich possessions, and the fame  
Which hangs upon thy bright exalted name,

\* A kind of cannon.

Who fain would see thee fall, as empires fall—  
As *Rome* has done, beneath Oblivion's pall.

## XX.

In these degenerate times, when nations view  
Thy fair green island from the ocean blue,  
With envious care, and see thy bulwarks stand  
Like a lion couchant upon thy strand,  
And thy noble, dauntless flag upreared on high,  
With dread, and thy *true* strength with jealousy,  
'Twere worth our while, henceforth to raise,  
In every heart, the pride of ancient days.

## XXI.

'Twere worth our while to plant the British crest  
Once more upon Britannia's noble breast,  
*In sight of all the universe, and be*  
*Well fortified by land and sparkling sea ;*  
Then we might cast the gauntlet forth  
To Albion's foes, in east, in west, in north,  
And south ; and with our standard high unfurl'd,  
Britain might laugh defiance at the world.

---

LONG LIFE TO PRINCE ALBERT, THE  
FRIEND OF THE BARD.

---

To our noble young Prince—Prince Albert, the pride  
Of “ Old England,” and of science the friend—  
We’ll pour out a bumper, and wish him long life,  
And peace, and pleasure, and ease without end ;  
For when the minstrel is poor and dejected,  
Prince Albert lends to the poet his aid,  
His kindness encouragement gives to the bard,  
Who might have died, or have dwelt in the shade,  
But for our kind young Prince—Prince Albert, the  
pride  
Of “ Old England,” and of science the friend,  
To whom we raise this bumper, and wish long life,  
And peace, and pleasure, and ease without end.

Come drain out your cup, and then fill it again,  
And once again this toast shall be given,  
But we’ll add to it—may our gallant young prince,  
Whenever he dies, be guided to heaven !  
And there may he dwell among angels in light,  
In the fair regions of bliss and repose,  
Where dark sorrow and care may never invade  
The kind consort of dear England’s loved Rose !

So then here's to our Prince—Prince Albert, the pride  
Of "Old England," and of science the friend ;  
We'll pour out a bumper, and wish him long life,  
And peace, and pleasure, and ease without end !

---

### THE LAND OF LIBERTY.

---

There is a clime which we adore,  
It is the island of the brave—  
Our own, our native verdant shore,  
Where never dwelt an abject slave ;  
Where freedom's flag for ever flaunts  
In pride above the bold and free,  
Who roam with glee through sunny haunts,  
In their dear land of liberty.


And England is that happy isle,  
Whose gentle, heaven-born daughters grace  
The bower of Love with Beauty's smile,  
Such as is shed from woman's face.  
Then God protect our native land,  
Her beauteous daughters, kind and fair,  
Whose accents cheering, mild, and bland,  
Soothe the sad heart bowed down with care.

THE SISTERS.

---

In a retired summer-house, o'ergrown  
With the sweet and friendly honeysuckle,  
Sat three sisters, fair as the Three Graces :  
Faith, Hope, and Charity. Of Love they talk'd,  
That high and noble theme, which hath inspired  
The young, and led the old to founts of bliss—  
At whose shrine millions have knelt, and still kneel  
With fond devoted hearts ; allured, from day  
To day, with wildest fantasies of joy.  
Of Love they talked, and as they drew their arms  
Around each other's slender waists, they seem'd  
Like three living angels, sent from the skies  
To make earth heavenly.

I gazed on them,  
Enraptured with the scene ; then unobserved  
Withdrew, and hid myself among the trees  
And foliage of that enchanted garden :  
Where I might watch them in their innocence  
Vieing with the modest roses, which, kissed  
By the humming bee as he roamed along,  
Shed richest perfume o'er the sainted sod.



One was young, just eighteen, and o'er her brow  
 Sat Intellectuality and Joy.  
 Another, scarcely a year older, of  
 Pensive look ; and the third, turned twenty-one,  
 Bloomed like a full-grown flower, by heaven assigned  
 To please the world with its tender beauty.  
 Their long loose hair in ringlets hung upon  
 Their ivory necks, darker and more glossy  
 Than the raven on a wide field, covered  
 With the whitest snow—so great the contrast.

They talked of Love, and the eldest sister  
 Took the fair hand of the youngest in hers,  
 And kissed it ; whilst from her dark, sparkling eyes  
 Gushed big, bright tears, dimming them, as a shower,  
 Which casts gloom o'er a sunny April day.  
 Of Love they talked ; it was their theme at morn,  
 And happy dream at night, when slumber sweet  
 Locked them in its kind embrace. Oh ! then, why  
 Could they not live and love on for ever,  
 Creating their own paradise on earth,  
 With splendid visions of flow'rs, and fountains  
 Of crystal, sparkling in the mid-day sun.

\* \* \* \* \*

From a branch a bird started, and went forth  
 Towards the sky, towering to high heaven,  
 It made its way through clouds, and soon I lost  
 The blithe warbler in ethereal distance.

Its song was heard no more—no more it charmed  
My troubled heart, or calmed my passions down,  
Midst Nature's grandeur, into holy thought.

One fine morn, Time and Death walked arm-in-arm  
Upon the grounds, and played with worms and slugs,  
And also with fair, tinted butterflies,  
That danced upon the fragrant air.

And soon

The youngest sister died ; and all believe  
Her soul flew to its Creator, to gain  
The Love that is eternal in the realms  
Of bliss.

Her sisters followed to the grave.  
The day was dark, the clouds were rent in twain,  
And rain descended on the earth—yet o'er  
Her tomb they lingered, strewing on it flowers  
Such as they knew she loved, ere Time or Death  
Closed her young eyes upon a frowning world.  
Wet, cold, and sorrowful, they returned home  
At night—if home their dwelling might be called,  
Where pale consumption laid its fatal sting  
Upon their vitals.

Pale grew their cheeks, and  
Far more delicate, day by day, they grew,  
Until, at last, into tender lilies,  
From blushing roses, they seemed to have changed,  
So fair and slender their angelic forms.  
Dimly for awhile burnt the lamp of life

Within their souls—but on the eve of death  
 It shone with unsullied radiance :  
 Their cheeks grew hectic, and again they talked  
 Of Love, of Life, of Hope and Happiness,  
 In days to come.

It was night, and silence  
 Bound the chamber. A lamp, flickering burned  
 On the table, and then went out.

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

#### Embraced

By each other, the sisters slept, but soon  
 Awoke again to sleep, and rest in death ;  
 But ere they died, and bade adieu to friends  
 And relatives, who stood beside their bed,  
 Weeping o'er their early consignment to  
 That "narrow house of clay," their eyes flashed  
 A beam of sparkling light around the room :  
 Locked in each other's arms, and with lips pressed,  
 They died almost motionless, and one tomb  
 Holds the Sisters, named by the village folk,  
 Faith, Hope, and Charity. A marble slab  
 Records their doom, and village beaux, and sire,  
 And maid, visit it, and strew choicest flowers  
 Upon that sacred grave, inhabited  
 By the silent dead.

---

FORGET ME NOT.

---

“ Forget me not,” she fondly cried,  
“ Though o’er the sea you roam,  
“ Forget me not,” she softly sighed,  
“ But think of me and home.

“ And when you’re on the roaring wave,  
Though darkness crown your lot,  
And seas may seem to be your grave,  
Oh ! pray forget me not !

“ And when you roam in other lands,  
And leave the foaming sea,  
To tread their wild romantic sands,  
Forget, forget not me.

“ And as through Afric’s scented bowers  
You wend your lonely way,  
To guile and charm the midnight hours,  
Forget me not, I pray.

“ Farewell, a long farewell,” she cried ;  
Her lips grew cold and pale—  
A sigh, it checked the ebbing tide,  
And faintly joined the gale.

And as she pressed her lips to mine,  
And fondly mourned my lot,  
She gave one glance, a pledge divine,  
And sighed "forget me not."

ANSWER.

"Oh! how can I forget  
The glance which last you gave—  
The sigh you heav'd, when last we met,  
Will haunt me to my grave.

"Dear bright-eyed maid of heaven,  
This heart yet beats for thee,  
And with anguish almost riven  
It bounds the restless sea.

"You sighed 'forget me not.'  
Alas! that sigh was vain,  
If I forget, then I forgot  
Would roam the world again.

"And if Fate stern should be,  
And hurl me 'neath the wave,  
My last and only prayer shall be,  
For her who loves the brave.

---

## THE LAST BANQUET,

LINES SUGGESTED ON SEEING AN ENGRAVING ENTITLED "THE  
MEETING OF THE WATERLOO HEROES," JUNE THE 18TH.

---

Year after year they meet, and then,  
Like leaves from forest trees,  
From their companions, fall and die  
Before the passing breeze ;

For many gallant hearts that beat,  
A few brief years ago,  
Upon the plains of Waterloo,  
With pride and martial glow,

Have ceased to throb in glory's cause,  
Have vanished one by one,  
And died away, like fading leaves  
Beneath an autumn's sun ;

And soon the *last leaf* from the bough  
May fall upon the stream,  
And float away, and never more  
Again on earth be seen.

Amidst them stands their gallant chief,  
Illustrious Wellington !  
Whose arm and sword, in honor's cause,  
Undying fame hath won.

He lifts his cup, and gives the toast,  
"God bless our youthful Queen,"  
Whilst every voice aloud responds  
The loyal words, I ween.

God bless our youthful queen, indeed,  
Be this a nation's prayer ;  
May He preserve her consort long,  
And watch her children fair.

And now to him our noble Prince,  
The wine is raised on high,  
His health is drank by men who gain'd  
Britannia's victory.

Then, to their host, the cup is filled,  
Whose bosom leal and true,  
Responds a toast to those brave men  
Who fought at Waterloo.

Hark! the banquet-hall is ringing  
Aloud the martial praise,  
Of gallant chiefs who dashed amid  
The battle's fiery blaze.

Another toast in silence drunk,  
Is to the honored few,  
"To the memory of the brave  
Who fell at Waterloo;"

Who left their own dear native land,  
To conquer Britain's foes,  
And having fought, and nobly fell,  
Found in the grave repose.

And now to Anglesey is given,  
The praise to bravery due,  
Who led the cavalry along  
The plains of Waterloo.

And next the British infantry  
Partake a like reward,  
Our noble chief has pledged to them  
A soul-endearing word.

And now the evening passes on,  
Toast after toast is given,  
In praise to heroes whom, we hope,  
Will find repose in heaven.

The Banquet's closed—its heroes gone, \*  
And now the gallant few  
Retire to rest, and dreams of youth,  
And glorious Waterloo.

And soon shall close the festival  
For ever on this land ;  
For *one by one*, are falling fast,  
Like leaves, that gallant band.

They die away, like forest leaves  
Before an autumn's sun ;  
Year after year survivors meet,  
Then vanish one by one ;

But let us hope they steal away  
To join a faithful band,  
And that they'll shortly meet again  
Upon a happier land ;

\* To our illustrious Commander-in-chief, each anniversary, no doubt, brings feelings of pride and exultation, mingled with sorrow and regret. Immediately after the battle he stated to one, who was speaking of the glories of the day, " Believe me, that nothing, except a battle lost, can be half so melancholy as a battle won. The bravery of my troops has hitherto saved me from that greater evil ; but to win such a battle as this of Waterloo, at the expense of the lives of so many of my gallant friends, could only be termed a heavy misfortune, were it not for its results to the public benefit." Year after year, as he misses before his board some long-known sharer of his honours and his toils, somewhat similar feelings must pass through the veteran hero's mind.—M.C.

And that their banquet there may be  
    Provided by the power  
Of Him, whose hand made all the earth,  
    The sea, and smallest flower ;

That they there may meet, and then, not  
    Like leaves from forest trees,  
From their companions fall and die  
    Before the passing breeze.

---

#### A SOLDIER'S EPITAPH.

---

“ In the midst of life we are in death,”  
    The young, the old, the brave must die,  
And the warrior bold must lay his head  
    Upon thy lap—Eternity.

For Death, where'er he lights, he stings, and  
    By him no partial doom is given :  
The soldier, sailor, the rich and poor,  
    Alike, if just, are led to heaven.

THE CHILD AND THE STATESMAN.

---

[A child is here supposed to have asked her father, a celebrated statesman, whom she had observed somewhat abstracted, and who had just retired from the noise and strife of a parliamentary session, if he was happy? The simplicity of her manner, and her engaging look, as she turned her bright, blue, laughing eyes towards her parent, whilst a ray of half melancholy and half joy hung upon her blooming countenance, occasioned the following lines.]

---

“Are you happy, papa,” once asked  
A blue-eyed, pensive child  
Of her parent, who led her forth  
Among the flow’rets wild ;

For it was in their garden fair,  
Where a high mansion stood,  
That this rich statesman led his girl  
So young, and yet so good.

And he from parliament had come,  
To lead awhile a life  
Of sweet repose and joy at home,  
With his fond child and wife.

And in his solitary walks  
Abroad, he oftentimes took  
Her by the hand, and led her forth  
Unto a favorite nook,

And questioned her concerning things  
Of which she'd heard and seen,  
And, by her ready answers, grew  
A wiser man, I ween.

And oft he traced her intellect,  
Developing its power,  
And growing, as the sweet rosebud,  
Into a lovely flower.

Her question entered in his heart,  
All politics had fled ;  
*Conservative*, or *Whig*, to him  
Were as the unknown dead.

Debates and midnight repartees,  
Which had aroused a nation,  
And doings at the different clubs,  
By those who moved in station,

Had lost all charm for him  
In that soft, balmy hour,  
And he felt quite overawed  
By some strange ruling power,

And "are you happy, papa," as  
He gazed upon his child,  
Were the only words which he could speak  
Unto his girl who smiled.

But soon a flow of language came,  
And thus, to her so young,  
His own, his loved, and lovely girl,  
He spoke with faltering tongue—

"Deem not that those on earth you meet,  
Possessing wealth and power,  
Are free from human ills, and that  
Contentment is their dower.

Think not that the great, my dear,  
Meet with airy pleasure  
In all their walks through life's dark vale,  
In unbounded measure.

Bright fame and immortality  
May point to them awhile,  
Ambition's high and gilded ball,  
And courtly favour's smile.

But this is not happiness—no ;  
There is a realm above,  
A clime of everlasting life,  
Where all is joy and love ;

Where a kind Saviour dwells, whose hand  
Is ever stretched on high,  
To crown the *truly great and good*  
With *immortality*.

Then to the land of flowers, my dear,  
Of life and bright sunshine,  
We'll strive to wander forth, and dwell  
Where stars in thousands shine.

---

### THE EMIGRANT SHIP.

---

Right merrily, right merrily,  
A ship upon the sea  
Before the wind is sailing now,  
With tide upon her lee ;  
From England's cliffs she leaps away,  
And bears a gallant band,  
Right gaily o'er the sparkling deep,  
To some far foreign land.

But on the beach are anxious friends,  
Each bidding friends adieu,  
And wishing them a happy ride  
Across the ocean blue.  
Why weep they now—the anchor's weighed,  
And relatives depart,  
Who grieve to gaze upon the land  
Which claims each aching heart?

They weep, because they think of days  
When happily they strayed  
Together, hand in hand, along  
The soft and sunlit glade—  
They weep, because they think again  
On earth they'll meet no more—  
They weep, because they may not meet  
Upon a brighter shore.

• And why, away from native home,  
Should roam that gallant few?  
Oh! why not dwell upon the soil  
They love with bosoms true?  
Is it because they seek for gain,  
They leave their own dear land,  
And travel o'er the faithless deep,  
To seek a foreign strand?—

It is because they cannot find  
A due reward for toil,  
That now they leave their lovely land,  
To tread a distant soil ;  
And not because they do not love  
Their own fair, flow'ry shore,  
And not because they seek for gold,  
To lay aside in store.

Oh ! God, protect that stately bark,  
And bless that gallant band,  
Who go to seek a dwelling-place  
Upon a foreign strand ;  
Who see the cliffs of Albion fade  
Upon the waters blue,  
With tearful eyes, and aching hearts,  
And bid their homes adieu.

---

### L I F E .

---

If life is short, how soon our woe  
Is spent in this abyss below.  
It bids us seek a quiet home,  
Where celestial spirits roam.

CORONATION ODE.

---

Welcome to thee, Victoria! England's hope and England's Queen.

Let gay banners flaunt on the wings of air—  
Now view the glorious sun, uprising from the east  
serene,

To greet the blooming flower of May so fair.  
Not June's sweet rose more gay appears,  
When decked with morning's dewy tears ;  
And not the fairest garden flower,  
Which loves to grow near lady's bower,  
Is so beloved, so pure, and fair,  
As her for whom I raise my prayer,  
Who needs the prayers of all who pray,  
That bless'd may be her regal sway.

Welcome to Victoria, be this the cry of England long,  
Whilst gallant hearts the British flag unfurl,  
And sons of Neptune, and of Mars, the strong,  
On all our enemies destruction hurl,  
And triumph on the foamy wave,  
Where never rode an English slave ;

Where Nelson fought, and bravely won  
The richest laurel 'neath the sun ;  
And where our banner rides the breeze,  
As empress of the sparkling seas,  
And says, that Britons will be free,  
United in their loyalty.

---

### THE ATHEIST.

---

“ There is no God,” the Atheist cries,  
“ There is a God,” the breeze replies ;  
And sea, and earth, and all around,  
Proclaim their Maker’s name profound.

For, “ say who made the tinted sky ?”  
A voice is heard to gently sigh ;  
“ Who made the moon and stars to shine ?  
It must have been some hand divine.”

“ Who made the leaf and flower to grow ?”  
This voice again doth whisper low,  
“ Who made the bird which soars on high,  
And thunder loud, which rends the sky ?

“ Who made the blue and limpid wave,  
And taught that streamlet thus to lave ?  
Who made the solid rock to shine ?  
Say was it not some lord divine.”

“ Who made warm India’s sandy plain,  
Where scorching breezes ever reign ?  
Who taught Peru with gold to shine,  
And made the diamond’s sparkling mine.

“ Who bade the ruby sparkle bright,  
And caused the dark and dreary night ?  
Who bids the breath the body fly ?  
I rest me here for thy reply.”

---

#### HEARTS OF OAK AND BRITISH GUNS.

---

A health to England and her sons  
Who plough the raging main !  
To hearts of oak and British guns  
We’ll trust ourselves again.  
The hero of the raging seas,  
Our soldiers bold and brave,  
Who fight or fall  
At Freedom’s call,  
Where’er her banners wave.

Who, without fear,  
Her standard rear,  
And nobly take their stand,  
In hour of need,  
To fight and bleed,  
For Queen and native land.  
Our native land—our native land,  
To hearts of oak and British guns  
We trust our native land.

Let craven hearts of tyrant knaves  
The beck and call obey ;  
But hearts of oak will ne'er be slaves,  
Nor crouch beneath their sway.  
We'll combat, as in days of yore,  
For fame and liberty ;  
With colors high  
The foe defy,  
And base-born treachery ;  
And, without fear,  
Our standard rear,  
And nobly take our stand,  
In hour of need  
To fight and bleed  
For Queen and fatherland.  
Our native land—our native land—  
To hearts of oak and British guns  
We trust our native land.

LONG LIFE TO THE YOUNG PRINCE OF  
WALES.

---

Fill up the cup to the young Prince of Wales,  
And may pleasure encircle its brim,  
As the bright wine we pour, and raise it up,  
And drink long life and health unto him.  
May the sailor prince, to his country true,  
Obtain the sparkling gem of renown,  
As our flag unfurled o'er the ocean rides,  
With the young heir to the British crown.  
So fill the cup to the young Prince of Wales,  
And may pleasure encircle its brim,  
As the bright wine we pour, and raise it up,  
And drink long life and health unto him.

And may valour his pathway strew with flowers,  
Such as e'er bring bright glory and fame,  
And lead him along, should his country call  
Him, to save it from sorrow and shame ;  
But whilst British hearts are loyal and true  
To their Queen, and the clime of the brave,  
The young Prince of Wales will never have cause  
To resent the dark scowl of the knave.

Then fill the cup to the young Prince of Wales,  
And may pleasure encircle its brim,  
As the bright wine we pour, and raise it up,  
And drink long life and health unto him.

---

## L I N E S

TO A YOUNG LADY, ON HEARING HER SING A VERY PATHETIC  
SONG.

---

Oh ! never sing that song again,  
I cannot bear its mournful strain ;  
It plays too deeply on my brain,  
And almost drives me mad ;  
But sing some sweetly pleasing air,  
To chase away my heart's despair  
With its alluring charm so fair,  
And make my bosom glad.

Oft memory wakes the past to me,  
It tells *me* what *I ought to be*,  
And what *I am*, it speaks to *thee*,  
So noble, young, and fair ;  
And yet thou wouldst breathe disdain,  
For, ah ! thou wouldst not cause me pain,  
Then, therefore, cease that plaintive strain,  
And quickly banish care.

## LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES THEODORE KÖRNER,

A celebrated young German poet and soldier, who was killed by a ball from the enemy, in an engagement between Schwerin and Gadesbasch, on the 26th of August, 1813.

---

"Forgive that I a stranger's praise accord,  
And twine this frail, faint wreath around thy lyre and sword."

---

Minstrel of the sword ! soldier of the lyre !  
Körner—immortal, brave, and young :  
Patriot and bard—whose poetic fire  
From thy inspired bosom sprung :  
Singing of " the land of the good oak tree,"  
Yes ; " the German land—the land of the free."

An humble bard who sings in martial strain,  
Of his country and comrades brave,  
Who bears *his* sword and native *lyre*, would fain  
Aspire to tune it o'er thy grave—  
Would wake his harp beneath that spreading tree  
Of glorious German oak, to breathe of thee—

Whose minstrel powers, and noble bravery,  
Were devoted in sword and lyre,  
To deliver thy land from slavery,  
Amidst the battle's hottest fire.

Loved bard and soldier ! children of the brave,  
In sorrow strew fair flow'rets o'er thy grave.

Where with thee\* thy patriotic sister sleeps,  
A fair girl of genius, and young,  
For whom and thee an anxious parent weeps  
Upon thy tomb, with bosom wrung,  
That a pure tender flower, once blooming free,  
With lyre, sword, and warrior, should buried be.

Soft be thy repose—sister and brother—  
May angels hover o'er thy rest ;  
Ye were on earth beloved by each other,  
And in your lives were truly blest.  
Soldier, minstrel—who once bore lyre and sword  
In thy country's cause—be thy fate deplored.

In life ye lived in love—in death ye lie  
Embraced in the one silent grave ;  
For, oh ! when thou wert gone, she pined to die,  
And sleep with brother, loved and brave.  
And now, beneath thine own renowned oak tree,  
Crowned with the lyre and sword, she rests with thee.†

\* “ Here repose also the earthly remains of the equally patriotic sister of Körner, Emma Sophia Louisa. A silent grief for the loss of her brother, whom she tenderly loved, preyed on her life, and she survived him only long enough to paint his portrait, and to make a drawing of his burial-place.”

† Whilst campaigning in the vicinity of Wöbbelin, in Mecklenburgh, this enthusiastic soldier and bard frequently resorted to a

Peace to thy ashes—soldier-poet brave,  
And skilled artistic sister fair ;  
E'er may thy favourite tree its branches wave  
Light upon the Æolian air,  
And, lulled by the breath of heaven above,  
Be thine life everlasting, fraught with love.

Loud o'er thy earthly couch the musket's roar  
Is heard, in honour to the dead ;  
And o'er thy tomb thy comrades now deplore,  
That thy light soul from earth has fled—  
That it has passed away so soon from those  
Who braved with thee the warfare of thy foes.

Fair children pluck sweet flowers from off thy grave,  
And place them in their hair, and run  
And tell their parents that young Körner's brave,  
Bold, martial, minstrel, course is run ;  
That thou art dead, who lately bore the shield,  
A valiant soldier on the battle-field.

favourite oak, in a recess of which he often deposited pieces he had composed on the field. A few hours before he died, he wrote his celebrated "Sword Song." Under the spreading branches of this "brave old oak," in the recess where he had on many occasions carefully treasured his compositions, were laid the remains of the immortal Körner, by his deeply-affected comrades, with all the honors of war. His favourite emblem, a *lyre* and *sword*, were manufactured of iron into a monument, and erected to his memory.

M. C.

Oh! then, let *those* who think that "*lyre and sword*"  
Cannot by the same hand be borne,  
Learn from *thy* early fate, so much deplored,  
That *soldier-bards* with *hearts* are born  
Of courage firm to lead the "Hope Forlon,"  
And dash the paltry coward down with scorn.\*

Körner, would we had met, or that we could,  
For one hour's intercourse with thee,  
So nobly inspired, valiant, and good,  
Life's sweetest hour indeed would be.  
But as on earth I may not share thy love,  
Hope points her finger to the realms above.

There may we meet when my sad journey's o'er,  
When I have travelled to the goal  
Which separates all ties to this dark shore,  
And from it bears away the soul  
Upon its flight to other climes, where *Life*  
Or *Death* concludes the scene of mortal strife.

Now fare-thee-well, dear soldier of the lyre,  
Though I could dwell upon thy name,

\* Experience teaches me that it would be well to cultivate a taste for national and chivalric poetry, in the bosoms of those who compose the British army. I have often observed its animating and beneficial effect upon the minds of such of my fellow-soldiers as have devoted their attention to martial or national songs.—M. C.

And sing the themes of thy chivalric fire,  
Still dear to history and fame ;  
But unto thee and her, thy sister fair,  
My wish is, fare-thee-well—thy bliss, my prayer.

---

### THE BAYONET.

---

The glittering bayonet, poised on high  
Above the noisy cannonry  
On war's red field, which human strife  
Hath made a struggle—life to life—  
Deserves a song ; for who hath been,  
With bayonet fixed, amidst the scene,  
And hath not known its power to be  
A glorious aid to victory.

The cavalry may prance and ride  
Along the tented field with pride—  
May spur and goad their horses o'er  
The plain grown wet with human gore,  
To meet the bayonet's charge—but, lo !  
The "square" is formed—away they go.  
"Up, Guards, and at them !" was the cry  
Which gave the bayonet victory.

“Fix bayonets!” Oh! who hath not seen  
On grand parade the bayonet’s sheen—  
Who that hath heard its sound arise  
Like martial music to the skies—  
That hath not felt a secret start,  
“A hidden impulse of the heart,”  
When forth the words, “Fix bayonets!” flew  
Electric into bosoms true.

How many heroes, day by day,  
Go forth and join the fatal fray—  
With bayonet fixed, and gun in hand,  
March forth to save their native land!  
How many thousands bleed and die  
Where shouts of “Death or Victory!”  
On wings of air go startling forth,  
In east and west, in south and north!

Long may the British bayonet be  
An implement of victory.  
Whilst sons of Mars are true and brave,  
And gallant tars ride o’er the wave—  
Whilst Britain’s deeds, unstained by shame,  
Adorn the splendid book of Fame—  
May the bright bayonet, poised on high,  
Be ever crowned with victory!

---

THE CHILD IN MOURNING.


---

Mamma, why do I wear this sable dress ?  
A few brief hours ago, when I,  
With young and gay companions danced along,  
Beneath a blue and radiant sky,

A dress of muslin, white as snow, I wore,  
A scarf and ribbons decked me then ;  
My dear companions gaily led me forth,  
A happy girl, to dance the glen.

They sung, they romped, and skipped in thoughtless  
glee,  
And linked together, hand in hand ;  
In mutual love and bliss we blithely strayed,  
And plucked sweet flowers from fairy land.

And music cheered the house which now, bereft  
Of all its joyous charms doth seem ;  
My sister touched her harp, whose silver chords  
Awoke a light and mirthful theme.



But now my young companions all have fled,  
A sable, gloomy dress I wear ;  
My sister tunes no more her harp, nor sings,  
Nor smiles so happy, gay, and fair.


My brother now no longer plays with me,  
No longer takes me by the hand,  
To roam with him beside the sparkling deep,  
And pick up pebbles from its strand.

And when I ask the servants, why this change  
Is o'er our gloomy household spread,  
They answer, with a tear and sigh, and say,  
“ Ah ! miss, thy kind papa is dead ! ”

“ And you, mamma, you say he's gone to dwell  
Where crystal streams and fountains flow ;  
Where sin and sorrow never taint the flowers  
Which in that happy country grow.

“ And has he left this land of ours, and thee,  
My sister and my brother too ?  
And will he never come again and stay  
With me, my dear mamma, and you ? ”

“ No, no, my child, he'll come no more and roam  
With thee and I along the strand ;  
No more he'll take thy hand and lead thee forth  
Along thy own fair native land.



“For us no more he’ll pluck the flowers which grow  
Beneath the hill—beside the stream ;  
No more he’ll breathe his soothing, gladsome notes,  
Except where chosen angels dream ;

“For he has left, dear child, this land of ours,  
To find a better, happier shore,  
Where sweetest flow’rets bloom, which never fade,  
Where he may dwell, and die no more.”

---

### AN EVENING IN AUTUMN.

---

I wandered along  
By a murmuring stream,  
And heard not a sound  
But its musical dream ;  
The loud chirp of birds,  
The swift rustling of leaves,  
The mowing of corn,  
The quick binding of sheaves ;  
The music of Love,  
Which played soft on the air,  
That spirit-like dove,  
That says—banish despair,

Children were playing  
At their hide-and-seek then,  
And run far away  
O'er the face of the glen ;  
So happy, so wild,  
So thoughtless and light,  
That I gladdened to see  
Such a beautiful sight ;  
For my heart grew gay  
As I gazed on the scene,  
But I sighed all that day,  
That my childhood had been.

The Maker is good,  
Of this fairy-built earth,  
To give us the bud,  
The bright leaf and the flower ;  
The streamlet that flows,  
With the sweet summer breeze,  
And perfuming rose ;  
The breath of the spring,  
The loud voice of the sea,  
The sound of the wing,  
And the hum of the bee.


---

THE DYING SOLDIER TO HIS BOY.

---

Oh ! take this sword, my boy, and go  
    To glory's field,  
And there, against thy country's foe,  
    Thy weapon wield ;  
For, oh ! 'tis time some hearts were found,  
    Free, true, and brave,  
To speak to nations far around  
    O'er ocean wave,  
To say that Britain will be free,  
And empress of the sparkling sea.

Then take the sword thy father bore  
    In youthful days,  
And ne'er the glittering poinard draw  
    For empty praise ;  
But when the fight is warm and strong,  
    Go seek the field,  
And there revenge thy country's wrong,  
    With sword and shield.  
Yes, go, my boy—I die, I die,  
My prayer for thee is victory.



THE CHARM OF LIFE IS GONE.

---

The charm of life is gone !—'tis thus that I  
Sometimes think, when gazing upon the sky  
At midnight hour, when not a star is seen,  
And I'm alone amidst the silent scene ;  
Bereft of hope, of friends bereft, I stray  
Beside the lake, and weep an hour away,  
In pensive mood, until each passing thought  
Broods darkly o'er the changes time has wrought :  
The once-bright days of childhood come to me,  
Wafting youth and gladness from o'er the sea ;  
And once again, bright hope before me stands,  
Conducting me to fairy, sun-lit lands.  
The *past sad moments*, spent in dark regret,  
My warm, buoyant spirit strives to forget ;  
And thus, though *grieved at heart*, I roam along,  
With *outward smile* and *seeming joyous song* ;  
But oh ! there *burns within my breast that pain*  
Which makes *its way* towards *my aching brain*,  
And leaves me faint upon my bed, to lie  
Beneath a starless, angry, frowning sky.

I LOVE MY NATIVE ENGLISH HOME.

---

I love the land which gave me birth,

And others do the same ;

For love of home in every breast

Lights up its sacred flame.

The German loves his classic shore,

The Swiss his snow-clad hills,

Whilst I, dear England's vales adore,

And claim her gushing rills.

To me no clime is half so fair,

No daughters half so bright,

As those, whose laughing, sparkling eyes,

Reveal such heavenly light.

Though Erin's sons are kind and free,

Her daughters handsome too ;

I still adore the English maid,

With modest eye of blue.

Of Scottish ladies, bards have sung,

And portrayed their beauty,

In soft and glowing words, which have

Made "affection duty ;"



But yet, I love my native land,  
I love to breathe its name ;  
And I no fault with others find,  
Who fondly do the same.

Then give to me my English home,  
To others what they will,  
A cottage small, and neat, and white,  
Beside a verdant hill,  
A little *wealth*,, enough of *health*,  
A mind content and gay—  
Oh ! give me these, and at my ease,  
I'll tune my merry lay.

---

#### HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE BRAVE.

---

Oh ! prosper the valiant,  
Give strength to the brave,  
And nerve to the sailor,  
Who rides o'er the wave ;  
Stout heart to the soldier  
Wherever he goes,  
To fight for his country,  
And conquer his foes.

Oh ! favour the valiant,  
Oh ! prosper his cause,  
Wherever he fights in  
Defence of his laws ;  
And emblazon his name  
When home from the field  
He returns from the wars,  
To rest on his shield ;

For, ah ! well he has earned  
The warrior's wreath,  
And the praise of the bard  
As a glorious chief ;  
And the laurel shall deck,  
In a chaplet now,  
Enwreathed with sweet roses,  
His soldier-like brow.

Then here's health to the brave,  
And warrior dead,  
Whose bright deeds of renown  
Such glory have shed,  
And whose actions have won  
Their country the name,  
Which fondly emblazons  
The pages of fame.

---

**“WELCOME, QUEEN OF THE HIGHLAND  
HOME.”**

A BALLAD, COMPOSED ON THE OCCASION OF HER MAJESTY'S  
VISIT TO SCOTLAND, SEPTEMBER, 1848.

---

“Welcome, Queen of the Highland home,”  
To the land of hills and streams ;  
By night be thine that blissful sleep,  
Which is fraught with golden dreams ;  
By day may Joy his flow'rets strew,  
Upon thy pathway sheen,  
And welcome unto Scotia's vales  
Our own dear Highland Queen.  
Then, “Welcome, Queen of the Highland home,”  
To the land of hills and streams ;  
By night be thine that blissful sleep,  
Which is fraught with golden dreams.

“Welcome, Queen of the Highland home,”  
May sorrow thy footpath ne'er  
Spread o'er with her poisonous weeds,  
Which lead to darkness and care ;  
May God prosper thy bairns, and may  
The banks and braes o' the Dee  
Shed fragrance o'er thy walks through the  
Land o' the leal and the free.

So "Welcome, Queen of the Highland home,"  
To the land of hills and streams,  
By night be thine that blissful sleep,  
Which is fraught with golden dreams.

---

### BEAUTIFUL VISIONS.

---

Beautiful visions! ye dreams of my childhood,  
Oft as I wander along through this wild wood,  
In a strange distant land,  
Sweet memory brings far over the sea,  
The remembrance of hours happy and free,  
Spent in my boyhood 'midst sunshine and glee,  
In a cot on the strand.

'Twas there that in youth I first wandered along,  
Enraptured with music—elated with song  
To the sound of the stream;  
'Twas there that I danced, unconscious of care—  
Unconscious that Time would yield dark despair,  
And change these visions, so lovely and fair,  
And destroy my sweet dream.

Ye beautiful visions! whate'er be my fate,  
Thy sacred remembrance will ever create  
A grateful emotion,

And swell my warm bosom, constant and true,  
With recollections, dear visions, of you,  
Which, through vista of time, often I view  
Across the blue ocean.

Oh, scenes of my childhood ! where fondly I strayed,  
'Midst flowers which embellished my own native  
glade,

Still I dream of ye now—  
I see the lawns where in boyhood I trod,  
And the church in which I knelt unto God,  
And trees which adorn the dear village sod,  
Of that hill's verdant brow.

Ye fanciful regions of beautiful flowers !  
The " Land of the West" with its sweet-scented  
bowers,

And garden of roses ;  
No comparison bears unto thy clime,  
Which e'er will exist in splendour sublime,  
To the end, and through the shadows of Time,  
Whilst Beauty reposes.

Fair pictures of childhood, adieu !—ye are gone,  
Landscapes far too alluring e'er to return.

Oh, how dear unto me  
Is that fancy which oft bears me away,  
To a clime, where time can never decay  
Those images true, which soften and sway  
The glad bosom when free.

THE BRITISH SHIP.

---

A gallant bark is sailing now  
Merrily o'er the sea,  
And unto foreign lands she bears  
The freest of the free.  
God speed her way upon the main,  
And over every wave,  
For, from their native home she speeds  
The bravest of the brave.

Of British oak that ship is made,  
And manned by British tars,  
And oft in triumph hath she rode  
'Midst England's naval wars ;  
And like an eagle now she starts,  
With union-jack unfurl'd,  
And still she bids, as she hath done,  
Defiance to the world.

May God preserve that noble bark,  
Her sailors bold and brave—  
And may the spirits of their sires  
“Start out from every wave ;”

May every arm to Britain true,  
Against her foes be hurl'd,  
And e'er be raised to save the land  
That's conquered half the world.

God bless the stately British ship,  
Whene'er she rides the wave ;  
God bless the gallant British bark,  
The bravest of the brave—  
The bulwark of our native isle—  
The wooden wall which stands  
To guard it from invasion by  
Tyrants of foreign lands.

---

### LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE FUTURE TUTOR OF H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES.

---

High task is thine ! A noble boy—  
His country's hope, his mother's joy,  
And father's pride—hath thou to lead  
Along fair learning's flowery mead.

Then pray to Him who rules the earth—  
Who gave the royal pilgrim birth :  
That He may bless thy task, and be  
A watchful guardian unto thee ;  
That He may grant thee power to trace,  
From science, gems, his mind to grace,  
And lead him forth in wisdom's ways,  
To be a king in future days.

High task is thine!—to mould the mind,  
And store its cells with *thoughts* refined,  
Of Him, whose Word may henceforth be  
A mandate mild, or stern decree.

Then may the “ King of kings ” endow  
This youthful prince—whose noble brow  
Sheds intellectuality—  
With *mind*, and firm desire to be  
A willing pupil unto thee.

As morning's dawn brings forth the flower  
From opening buds, so may His power  
The mind expand of him, whose name,  
Perchance, may grace the page of fame  
In future days, recorded be  
In brightest leaf of history.  
May sweet religion clear his road,  
That he may find a fair abode ;  
And may all thy precepts given,  
Tend to guide that boy to heaven.

## THE YOUNG ENSIGN AND HIS SISTER.

---

SISTER.

“To-morrow’s dawn, and thou wilt go,  
To seek, on glory’s field,  
The fame thy gallant brother won,  
With sword and glittering shield ;  
And thou, perchance, like him, may die,  
On battle’s plain may fall,  
But if thou shouldst, thy death will be  
The noblest death of all ;

“ For he who goes to fight for home,  
For his own fatherland,  
Deserves a woman’s fondest smile,  
And warm affection’s hand.  
Then go, my dear—a sister’s prayer  
Is daily breath’d for thee,  
That thou, beneath thy country’s flag,  
A coward ne’er may be.

“ No, no, dear boy, thou couldst not cast  
Upon thy father’s name,  
Who died at Waterloo, a slur,  
Nor dim thy brother’s fame.

Then go, and thou, perchance, once more  
Thy native land may roam,  
And lead the maiden whom you love  
Along thy flowery home ;

“Or having died in honor’s cause,  
And gain’d a soldier’s bier,  
She’ll shed with those who love the brave,  
For thee, a faithful tear ;  
And take the book of fame, and lay  
The page before her eyes  
Which holds her gallant hero’s name,  
And claim it as a prize.

“Then go, my dearest brother, go,  
A warrior’s name to gain,  
To-morrow’s dawn may lead thee forth  
To glorious death, or fame.  
Then take the sword bequeathed to thee,  
By him of bosom true,  
Who ventured forth to save his land,  
And died at Waterloo.”

## BROTHER.

“My sister fair—the dearest tie  
Which binds me to this land—  
To-morrow’s dawn will lead me forth  
To march on foreign strand ;

But if my native home I leave,  
And bid dear friends adieu,  
I go to serve my Queen and clime  
With bosom warm and true.

“ My father’s sword and brother’s shield  
I’ll bear to Glory’s plain,  
And I, perchance, like them, may win  
A proud, undying name ;  
And as I raise the standard high  
O’er India’s burning plains,  
With comrades brave, I’ll seek the field,  
To break a despot’s chains.

“ For fatherland is dearer than  
All other wealth to me ;  
Peruvia’s mine may brightly shine  
Across the sparkling sea ;  
Golconda’s gems for diadems,  
May claim a richer strand,  
But give me these, I’ll cast them all  
Away for fatherland.

“ Then dear, heroic sister fair,  
To-morrow’s dawn—and I  
Will march against my country’s foes,  
To conquer or to die ;

For what were life if bound with chains?  
I'd scorn that servile hand  
That would not break, for Freedom's sake,  
The fetters of his land.

“Then fare-thee-well, my fatherland—  
Should I return again,  
And bring my *sprig of laurel* home,  
From o'er the pathless main,  
I'll wear it as a wreath of love  
And faithfulness to thee,  
To whom, through life, “my lyre and sword”  
Shall dedicated be.

---

## LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE PRINCESS ROYAL, UPON HER BIRTHDAY.

---

Ah ! lovely girl, the dawn of life  
Is leading thee to earthly strife ;  
Whilst thou, unconscious of the care  
Which hangs above thy image fair,  
Along its lawns art dancing wild,  
With all the fervour of a child.

From youth to age too soon thou'lt steer,  
And quit the scenes which now are dear ;  
The bowers of youth, of love, and joy,  
In which you now so fondly toy,  
Bereft of all their flowers, will seem  
The relics of some happy dream.

Ah ! beautiful child, whome'er has seen  
The image of thy face, I ween  
Must wish thee well, and ask for thee  
A life from care and sorrow free ;  
For form so young, with smiles so rife,  
Hath seldom started into life.

May darkness ne'er upon thy brow  
E'er sit, but radiance reign as now ;  
May Pleasure lead thee to her bowers,  
Strewn with the fairest, choicest flowers,  
Until thy Maker shall decree  
That heaven thy resting-place may be.

May all the tears, may all the woe,  
Which thy dear sex is doomed to know,  
Ne'er light on thee, whose graceful form  
Is like a lily in a storm,  
When April's sun is smiling mild,  
Upon that flower so undefiled.

But may thy gallant brother's hand  
Guide thee unto some fairy land ;  
Yes, may that boy whose words and song,  
Doth now thy earthly bliss prolong,  
Protect thee with his purest love,  
Till thou shalt find the realms above.


Fair infant girl, whose sprightly grace  
Adorns thy young and happy face,  
O'er whose light brows and ruby lips  
The wanton syren, Beauty, skips,  
May no dark griefs thy heart molest,  
Or mar the jov within thy breast.

But may that God who reigns above,  
E'er guide thee with a parent's love,  
As thou on bended knee doth pray,  
With clasped hands, from day to day,  
That He may lead thee forth, and be  
A heavenly father unto thee.

Sweet, thoughtless girl, oh ! may that breast,  
So joyous now, be ever blest ;  
May no rude care, or sorrow, trace  
Their outlines on thy lovely face ;  
Or, if *care* still our lot must be,  
May small amount be given to thee.

But might I be allowed to take  
Thy share of woe, for thy dear sake,  
And for the sake of her who bore  
Thy angel form to this dark shore ;  
And for thy father's sake, I'd bear  
Thy every earthly pain or care.

But since this may not be, we'll pray  
That as returns each natal day,  
That Pleasure e'er may bear to thee,  
Upon her pinions light and free,  
Such flowers of joy as deck this earth,  
To cheer the day which gave thee birth.



## LINES

COMPOSED ON CHRISTMAS EVE, 1847.

---

My fond departed mother dear,  
As here I sit alone,  
Beneath yon starry throne,  
Sad memory bears a solemn train  
Of thoughts unto my aching brain  
Of thee, and those who once dwelt here—  
Of father, sisters, brothers, and  
Playmates, who danced this verdant land,  
And plucked sweet flowers, as hand in hand  
We strayed the meads among.  
Year after year revolves, and we  
Draw nearer to Eternity,  
Perchance to meet ere long,  
In realms afar.

My fond departed mother dear,  
These are for me dark hours ;  
The paths, once strewn with flow'rs,  
Are plentiful with thorns and drear,  
Bereft of thee, my mother dear,  
For whom I shed this votive tear.

*Would I had loved thee more when young,  
Obeyed thee more, and never wrung  
Thy heart by deed or prattling tongue,  
In thoughtless play, when I,  
A truant boy, in vagrant mood,  
Loved, from the fair green solitude,  
To watch Britannia's sky  
Of vaulted blue.*

My own departed mother dear,  
'Tis Christmas eve—but, oh !  
How changed from mirth to woe  
Such nights to me. When life was young,  
Around the fire we met and sung,  
A happy, joyous circle there ;  
My father told some jocund tale,  
My brothers did themselves regale  
With nuts and wine, which seldom fail  
To animate the heart ;  
Whilst sisters dear, with laughing eyes,  
Which mocked the twinkling, starry skies,  
Joked, and played well their part  
On Christmas eve.

My own departed mother dear,  
Hours, days, and months roll on,  
And vanish one by one ;

And years come stealing o'er my dreams,  
And quickly bear me down the streams  
Of Time, whilst to death I draw near.  
The glorious sun that, day by day,  
Emits his warm translucent ray  
Upon the sparkling founts which play,  
Through ages burns the same ;  
Whilst I *alone*, with grief opprest,  
Can know no joy, no earthly rest,  
Beneath his scorching flame  
Of yellow light.

My fond departed mother dear,  
The turf is o'er thee laid,  
Calm be thy sleep—thy shade  
Be blest—thy husband dwells with thee,  
Nursed to sleep by Eternity.  
For thou and him this starting tear.  
And in the same dark, silent grave,  
Where nightly mournful dirges wave,  
Rest the young, the once fair and brave,  
Grasped by Consumption's hand,  
Two brothers own, two sisters there,  
Snatched from a world of toil and care,  
And I may join that band  
I know not when.

[REDACTED]

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

*Just published, Price One Shilling,*

SECOND EDITION OF

# NATIONAL LYRICS

FOR THE

Army and Navy.



## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Pure patriotism, perfect loyalty, a warm and affectionate heart, which beats with sympathy for his comrades, whether they serve at sea or on shore, are apparent in every line of these unpretending poems. We select a specimen."—*United Service Gazette*.

"There is much freshness and spirit, and right English feeling in these 'National Lyrics.' Judging from the tone of his dedication, of his preface, and of his verses, their author, or we greatly err, is at once a gallant soldier, and a most loyal subject. We give the following, all we can find room for, as a specimen of his poetical powers."—*Naval and Military Gazette*.

"Here is a brave fellow, who has, as the ballad hath it,

' — for the second time in life,  
Enlisted in the *line*.'

He has taken up his shell in praise of his Queen and country, and it is manifestly better that the 'march' of intellect should be to the tune of 'Rule Britannia,' than to that of 'Who fears to speak,' &c.

#### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

---

Nothing can be more loyal than such lays as the following, of which the remaining ones are variations, in different keys and times. . . . In order to suit both services, the songs are varied here and there, with 'striped bunting.' . . . The British soldier rightly judges that now is the time to stir up the hearts of brave Britons with song. 'Fraternization' is no part of his creed. Whether he is destined to be what Körner was to *his* brother soldiers, or Dibdin, to our own jolly tars, once upon a time, is a question which we forbear from answering at present. The public will inform him soon enough."— *Dublin Warder.*,

"This little volume, from its humble author, a private in the line, will commend itself to the reader for the loyalty and good feeling which pervades all the fugitive pieces which it contains. 'Written,' as the author says, 'amidst the various vicissitudes to which a soldier's life is exposed, sometimes on his chako, at others on his knapsack, after a long and fatiguing march, but generally among his giddy companions in a barrack-room, whose slender comforts afford a mean substitute for the quiet luxury of a retired studio.'"—*Saunders's News-Letter.*

"The author has issued from the press a very entertaining collection of National Lyrics for the Army and Navy."—*Limerick Chronicle.*

---

DUBLIN: JAMES McGLASHAN, 21 D'OLIER-STREET.

LONDON: WM. S. ORR AND CO., 147 STRAND.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION,

*Also by the same author,*

Price 2s. 6d., neatly bound in cloth,

# MARTIAL MELODIES.

TO BE DEDICATED TO

**His Royal Highness Prince Albert, R. G., G. C. B.**

WITH AN INDIA-PROOF LIKENESS OF THE AUTHOR,


Taken from a Daguerreotype by Professor GLUKMAN.

---

DUBLIN: JAMES McGLASHAN, 21 D'OLIER-STREET.

LONDON: WM. S. ORR AND CO., 147 STRAND.

FRASER AND CO. EDINBURGH.



Dublin : Printed by EDWARD BULL, 6, Bachelor's-walk.





